


NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL®




Cullen Bunn **MARVEL** Ramon Rosanas



One minute tacos,
the next minute...
DEAD!

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL®



Deadpool awakes from a food coma to find New York City overrun with half-sentient zombies! And they don't much like the whole starving-for-live-flesh thing. Can the Merc with a Mouth avoid becoming the Merc in their mouths?! Thrill to the sight of a hideous, rotting-fleshed monster shambling about the landscape — and don't forget all the zombies he's fighting! (Get it? That first one referred to Deadpool. Who says zombie horror comics can't have a little humor?) Cullen Bunn, writer of the fan-favorite "Deadpool Killology," brings us one of Deadpool's darkest tales ever — and we're not just saying that because it's in black and white (and red)! You've been warned, my friends! So ring the dinner bell and nail shut the door as Deadpool takes on the ambulatory undead!

Collecting *Night of the Living Deadpool* #1-4,
written by Cullen Bunn and
illustrated by Ramon Rosanas.



Cullen Bunn  Ramon Rosanas

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL



MARVEL

1

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

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WRITER

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ARTIST

VC'S JOE SABINO
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PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

WE'VE ALL HEARD THAT
OLD, APOCALYPTIC
ADAGE, RIGHT?



THE WORLD WILL END...
NOT WITH A BANG...
BUT WITH A WHIMPER.



NONONONONO--

THE PAINFUL TRUTH OF
THE MATTER IS A LITTLE
DIFFERENT, THOUGH,
AIN'T IT?



NOOOOOOOOO!

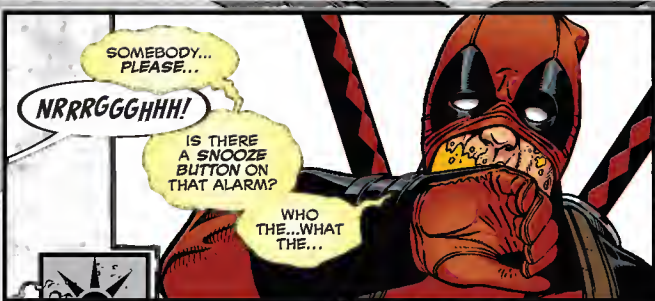
BECAUSE THE FACT OF
THE MATTER IS THAT
THE WORLD KEEPS ON
KEEPING ON.

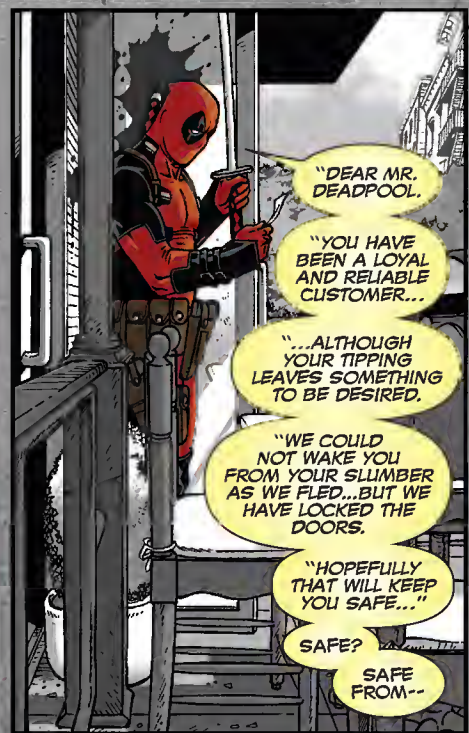
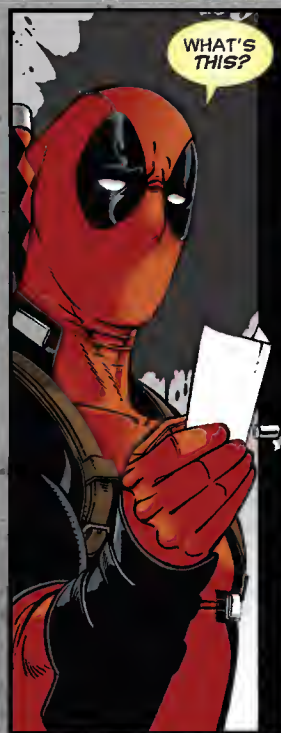
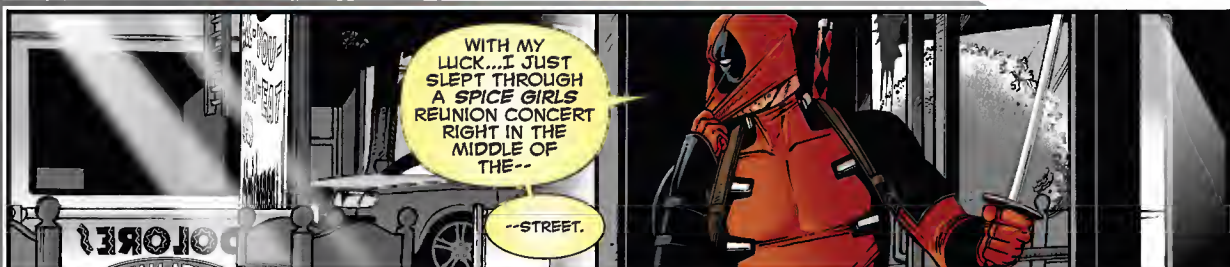


NEEAAAARRRGCHHH!

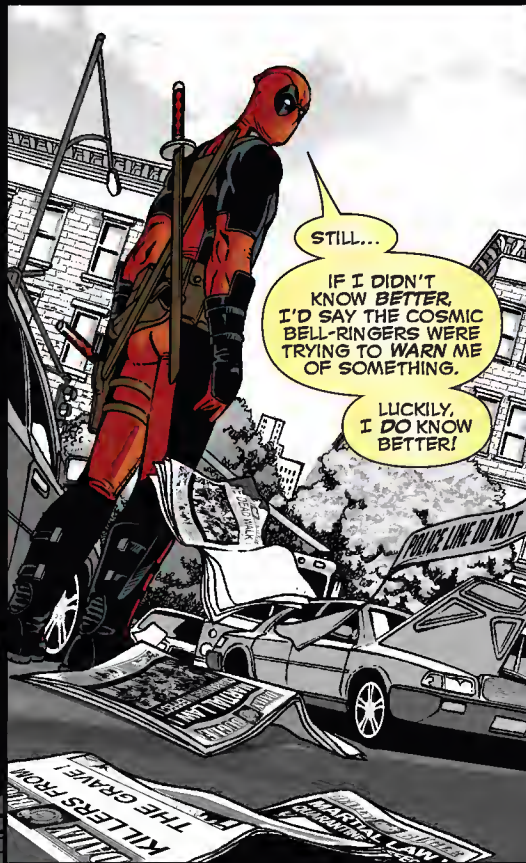
WE JUST AIN'T
IN CHARGE ANY
MORE.













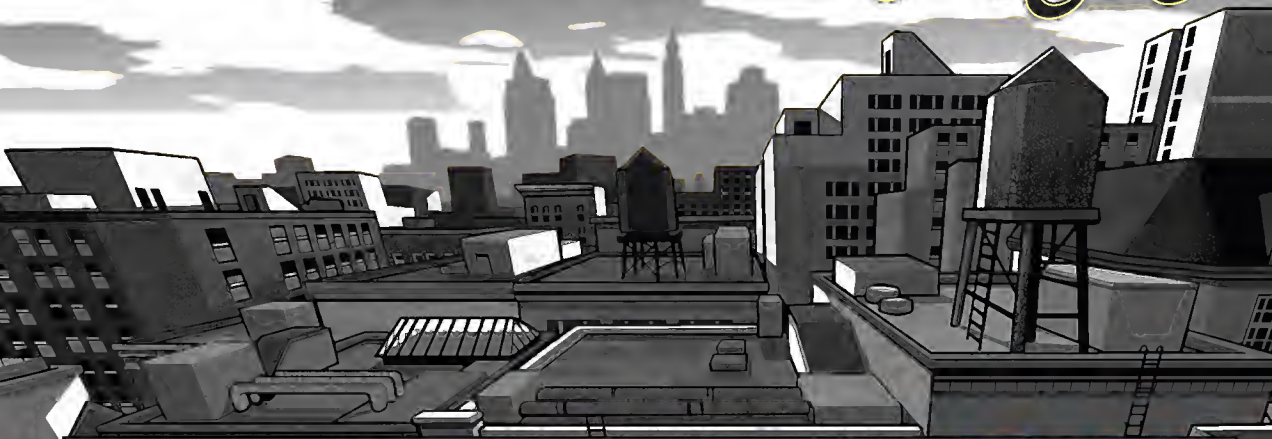




WATCH OUT,
LADIES! MY STOCK
IS RISING!



HELLLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO







WHUMP

WHATEVER
YOU SAY.



...IT'S ALL
GONE...
...GONE TO
HELL...

I KNOW.

BUT IT'S
GONNA BE
ALL RIGHT.

GONNA
BE--



--ALL
RIGHT.

LOP



IT'S...
...A
NIGHTMARE...

HERE'S
YOUR WAKE-
UP CALL.



A GUN?

DON'T...

DON'T...
THEY'LL
HEAR--

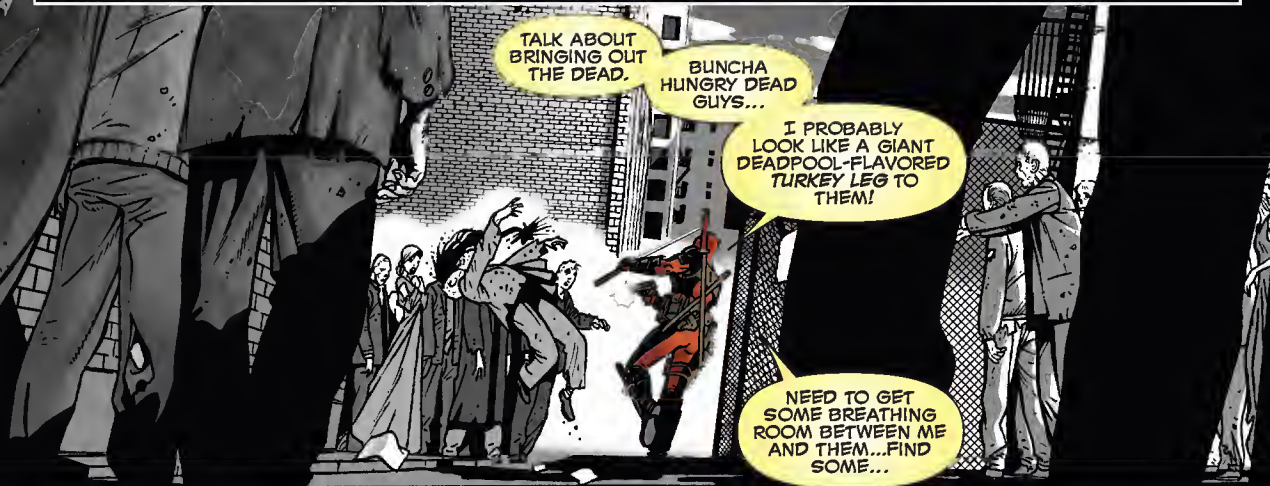


WHO'S
GONNA
HEAR?

THERE'S
NOBODY A--

KBLAM







EEP!

THIS IS THE DAY OF RECKONING!

>BOB<

DID I LEAVE THE OVEN ON?

OH-N-NO-NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE!



OH, WELL.

I DIDN'T HAVE ANY PLANS FOR TOMORROW ANYHOW.



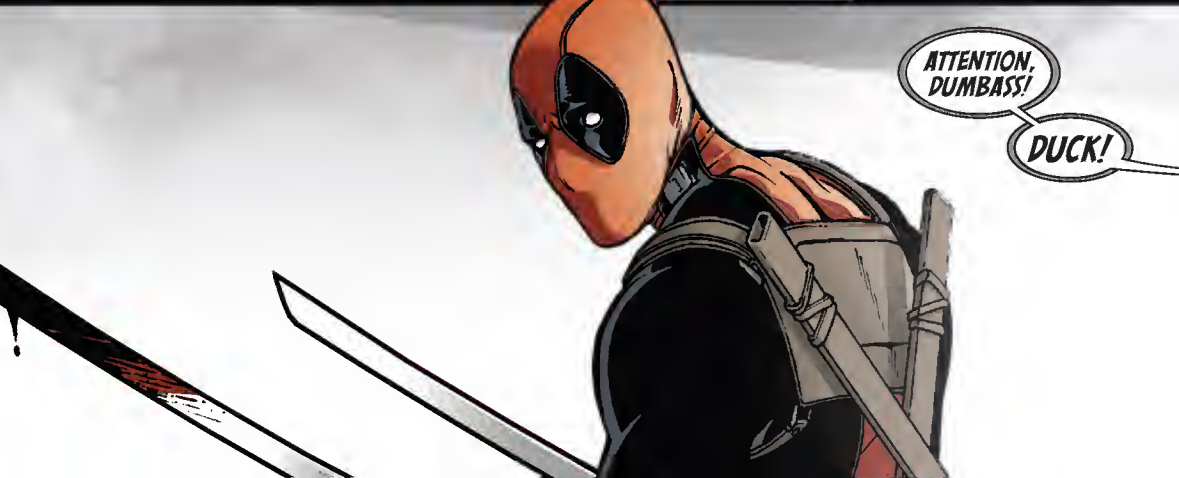
SO... SORRY...

COME GET SOME.

...IF I HAVE TO BUFFER, SO SHOULD YOU...

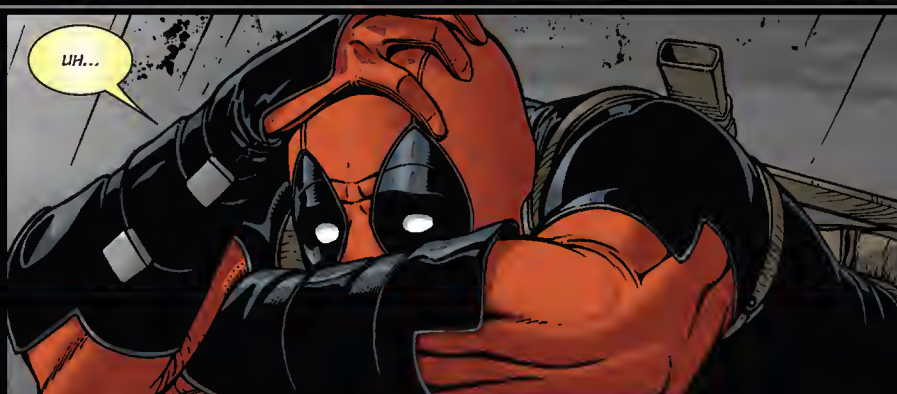
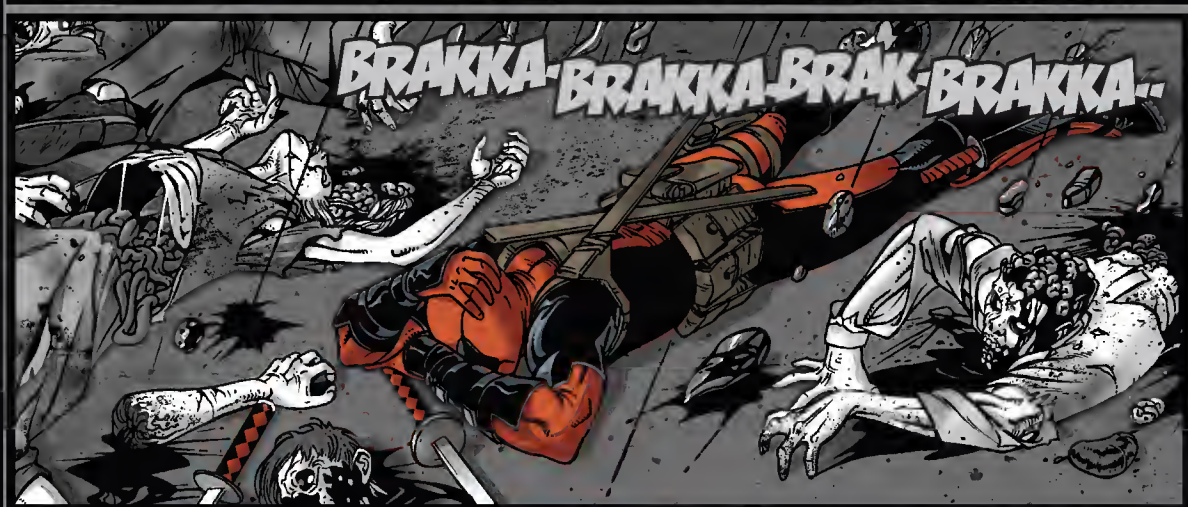
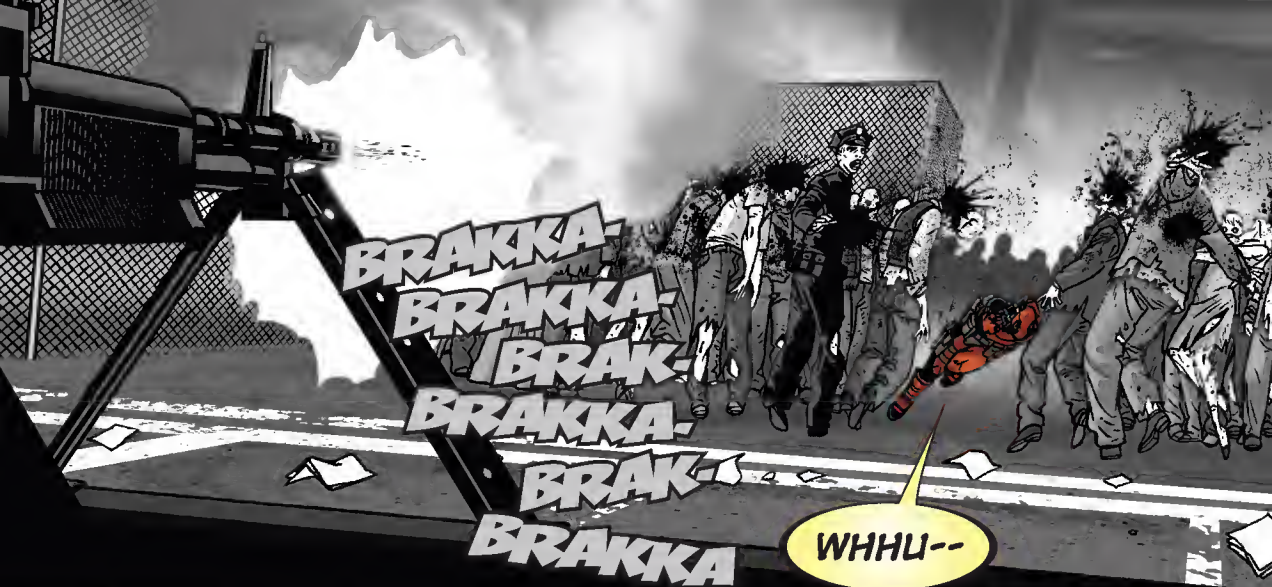
I CAN STILL TASTE IT! OH, GOD!

KILL ME! PLEASE!



ATTENTION, DUMBASS!

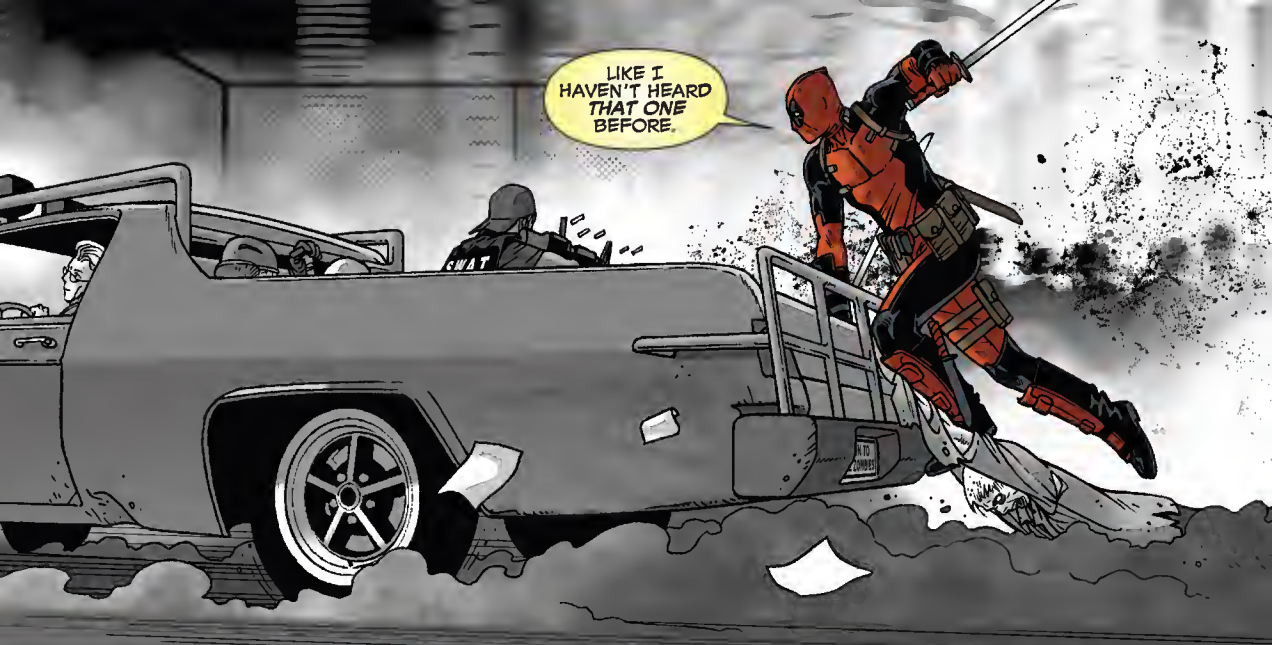
DUCK!

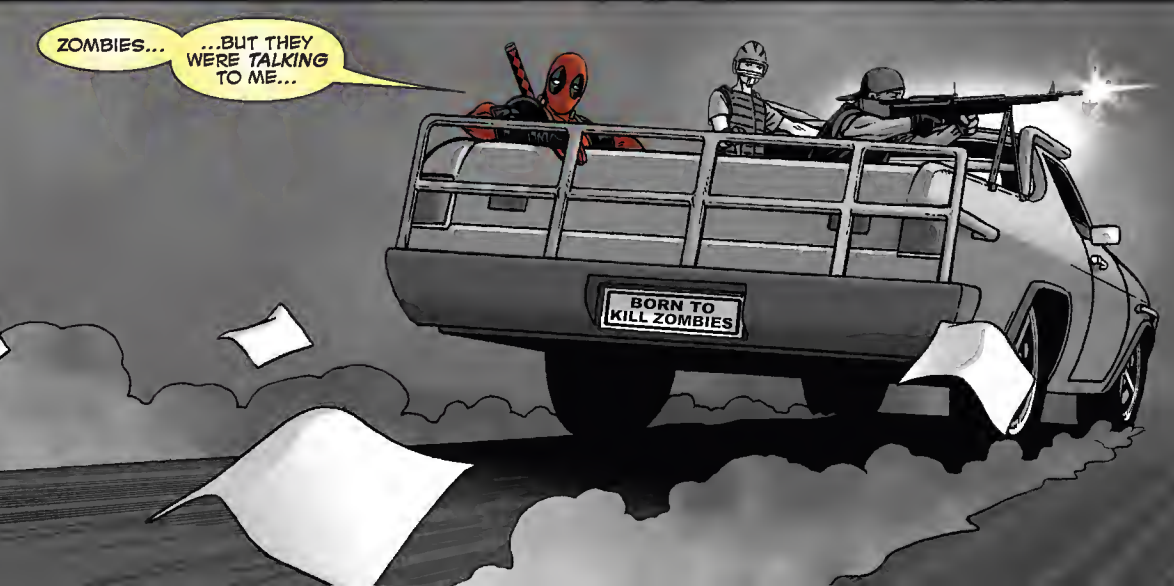


DON'T
JUST *STAND*
THERE.

SHAKE ASS
IF YOU WANNA
LIVE!









YEAH.
SOME OF 'EM
TALK.

BUT IT'S
LIKE **LEFTOVER
CONSCIOUSNESS...**
RIDING ALONG IN
THEIR UNDEAD
HUSK...

...THEY
CAN'T CONTROL
THE BODY...OR
STOP THEM
FROM KILLING
PEOPLE...



THEY'RE
JUST **HELPLESS
SPECTATORS** 'TIL
THE BRAIN
DIES.

NNNNN

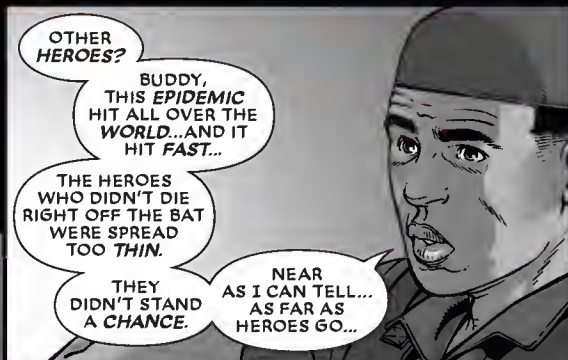


I KNOW YOU,
DON'T I?

DEADPOOL,
RIGHT?

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME.

WHAT ABOUT
ALL THE **OTHER
HEROES**...THEY'RE
TRYING TO STOP
THIS, RIGHT?



**OTHER
HEROES?**

BUDDY,
THIS **EPIDEMIC**
HIT ALL OVER THE
WORLD...AND IT
HIT **FAST...**

THE **HEROES**
WHO DIDN'T DIE
RIGHT OFF THE BAT
WERE SPREAD
TOO **THIN.**

THEY
DIDN'T STAND
A **CHANCE.**

NEAR
AS I CAN TELL...
AS FAR AS
HEROES GO...

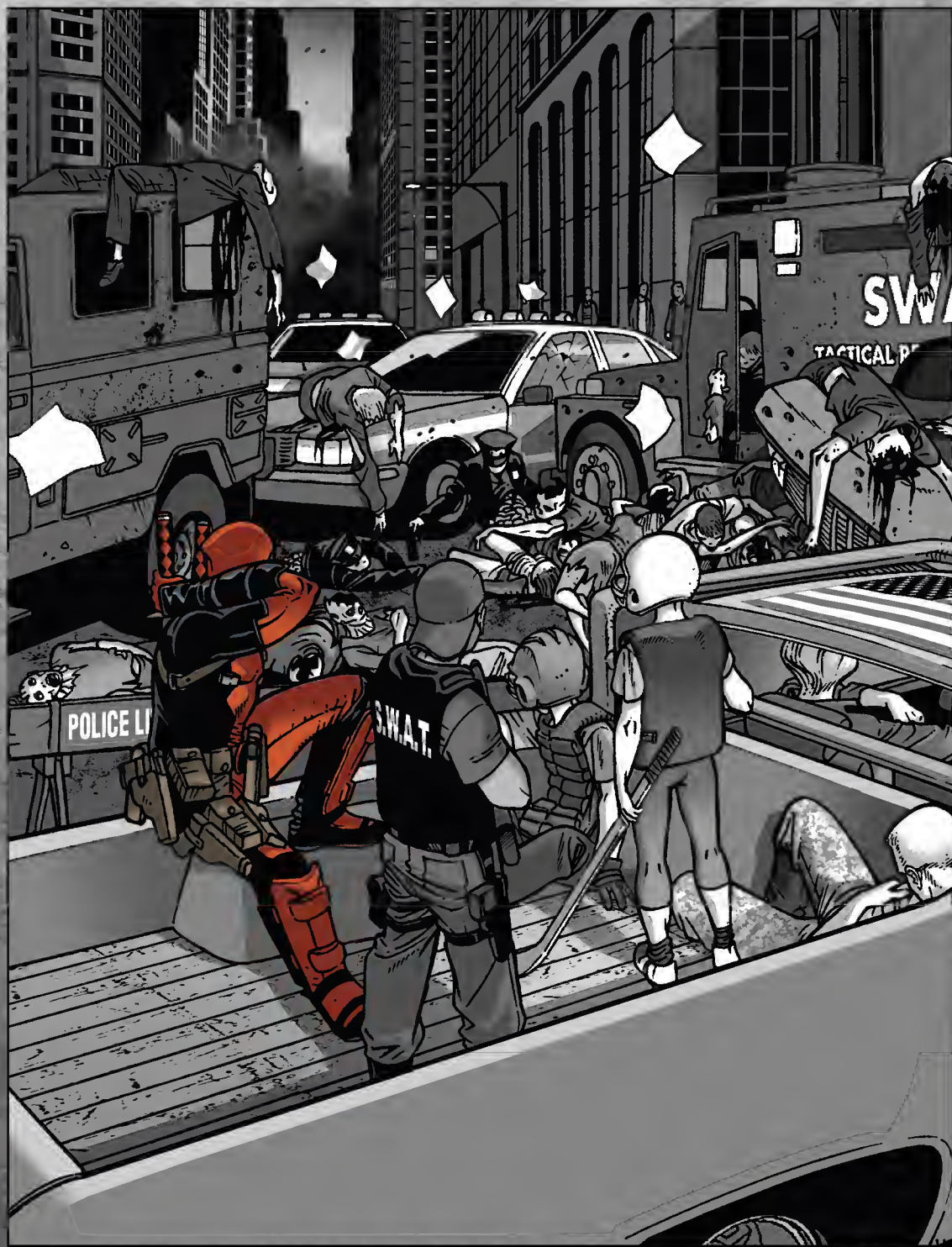


...YOU'RE
THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.



TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:





Night of the Living Deadpool

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

MARVEL
2

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE? YEAH—THAT HAPPENED.

DEADPOOL WAS NOT 100% SURE HOW IT HAPPENED, BECAUSE...HE WASN'T REALLY PAYING ATTENTION. HEY, HE HAD STUFF ON HIS MIND! THERE WERE THINGS TO DO, ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT-TACOS TO EAT! BUT WHEN HE WOKE FROM HIS FOOD COMA, IT WAS ALL OVER—THE CITY WAS OVERRUN AND PRETTY MUCH ABANDONED.

WHEN HE FINALLY ENCOUNTERED THESE AMBLING DEADS, HE FOUND THEM A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN HE'D EXPECTED. THEY COULD TALK. OR AT LEAST, THE PERSON THEY ONCE WERE COULD TALK, THEIR BRAIN TRAPPED INSIDE THEIR FLESH-EATING BODY UNTIL IT WASTED AWAY. IT WAS OFF-PUTTING.

JUST BEFORE HE HIMSELF WAS OVERWHELMED BY UNDEAD TEETHING, A FEW FELLOW SURVIVORS PULLED UP IN A SWEET RIDE AND SAVED HIS BACON. JOINING THEM IN TRYING TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THE CITY, DEADPOOL ASKED WHY THE SUPER HEROES DIDN'T STOP THESE MOUTHY SHAMBLERS.

TURNS OUT HE'S THE ONLY SUPER HERO LEFT.

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ONE THING I'VE ALWAYS HATED ABOUT NEW YORK CITY...

ALL THE \$\$\$%&\$\$ ZOMBIES.

I'M NOT SURE HOW THIS MESS STARTED, BUT THE UNDEAD PRETTY MUCH CAME OUT OF NOWHERE.

AND THEY SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.



LIKE CRABS.

OR ONE DIRECTION FANDOM.

SEE...THIS IS HOW HOLLYWOOD TRIPS YOU UP.



IN THE MOVIES, IF A GUY WAKES UP FROM A COMA, A '90'S-ERA SANDRA BULLOCK PROFFESSES HER LOVE TO HIM.

BUT ME...I WAKE UP FROM A LITTLE NAP...

...AND THE ONLY THING WAITING FOR ME IS A BUNCH OF SPACED-OUT BRAIN-EATERS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.



DON'T WASTE YOUR AMMO!

WE RUN OUT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN WE'LL GET THE CHANCE TO STOCK UP AGAIN.

I'M SUPPOSED TO...

...CONSERVE...

...AMMUNITION?

THAT WILL TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO.

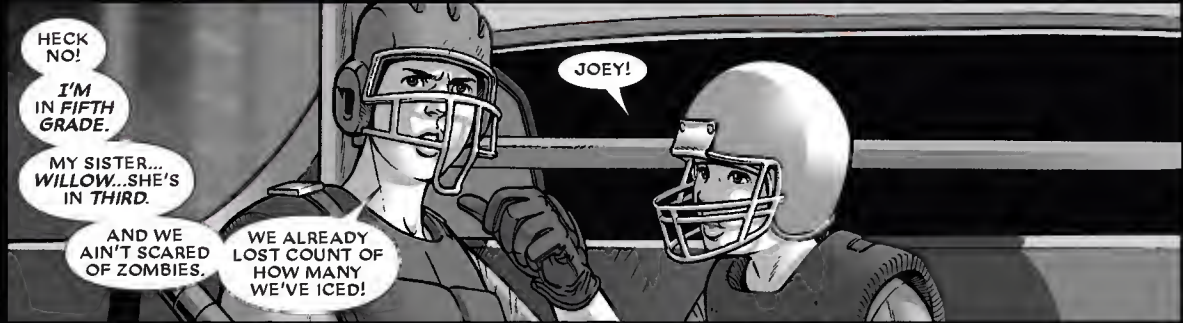


EVERYTHING'S CHANGED SO MUCH...IN JUST A FEW DAYS.

I MEAN...LOOK AT YOU KIDS...YOU SHOULD BE PLAYING IN TRAFFIC...OR SHOPLIFTING...OR GOING TO SCHOOL.

INSTEAD, YOU LOOK LIKE ROAD WARRIOR REJECTS.

WHAT ARE YOU, KINDERGARTENERS?



HECK NO!

I'M IN FIFTH GRADE.

MY SISTER... WILLOW...SHE'S IN THIRD.

AND WE AIN'T SCARED OF ZOMBIES.

WE ALREADY LOST COUNT OF HOW MANY WE'VE ICED!

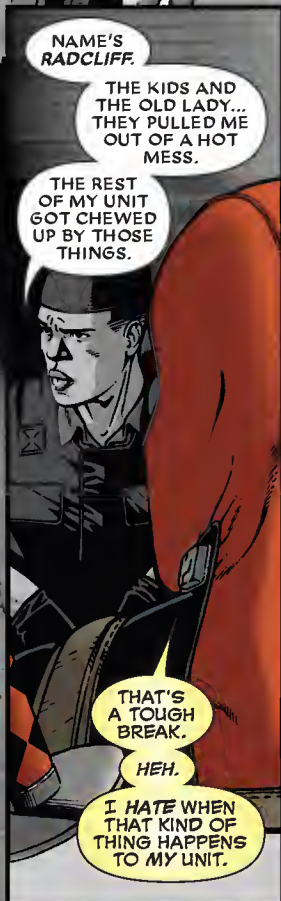
JOEY!



THE OLD LADY DRIVING...THAT'S GRANMA.

SHE AIN'T OUR REAL GRANMA.

WE JUST CALL HER THAT CAUSE SHE'S OLD AND SHE CUSSES LIKE OUR GRANDMOTHER USED TO.



NAME'S RADCLIFF.

THE KIDS AND THE OLD LADY... THEY PULLED ME OUT OF A HOT MESS.

THE REST OF MY UNIT GOT CHEWED UP BY THOSE THINGS.

THAT'S A TOUGH BREAK.

HEH.

I HATE WHEN THAT KIND OF THING HAPPENS TO MY UNIT.



WHAT ABOUT THIS GUY?

SICKLY SOLDIER BOY... BANDAGED ARM...GERMY EPIDEMIC.

SEEMS LIKE A SWELL TRAVELING BUDDY.



HE...

HE GOT BIT TRYING TO SAVE ME FROM SOME OF THOSE THINGS.

HEY.

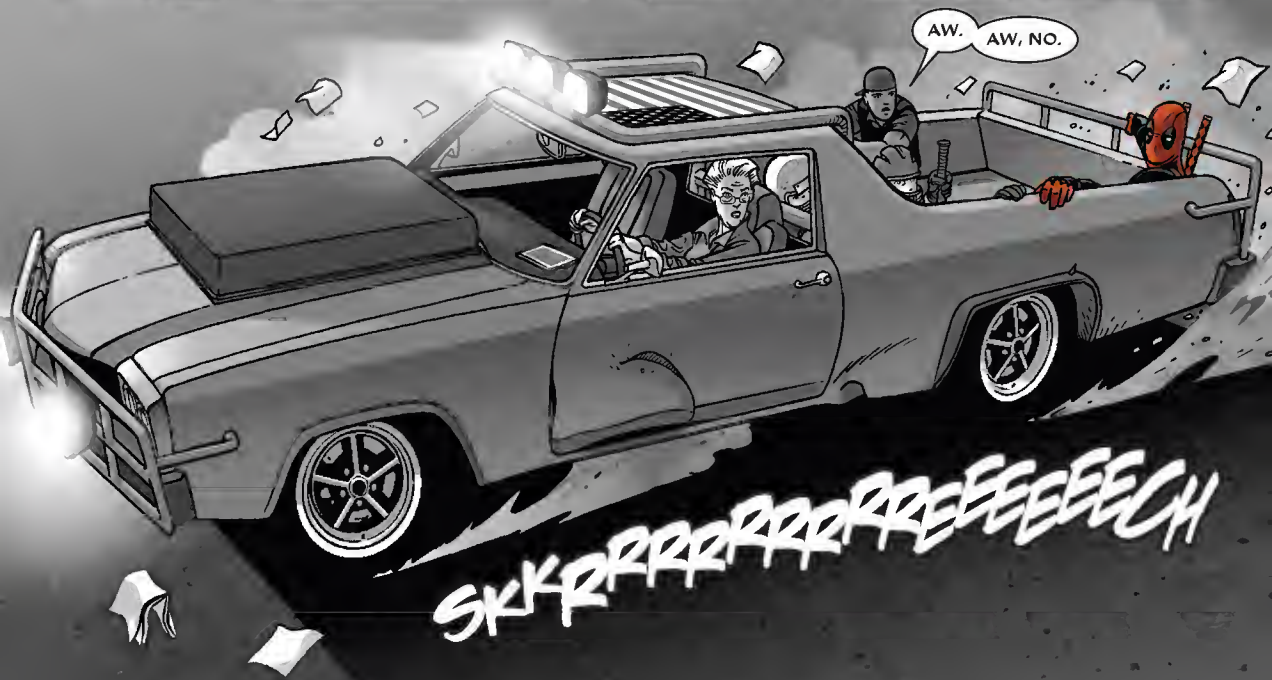
I TOLD YOU...IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

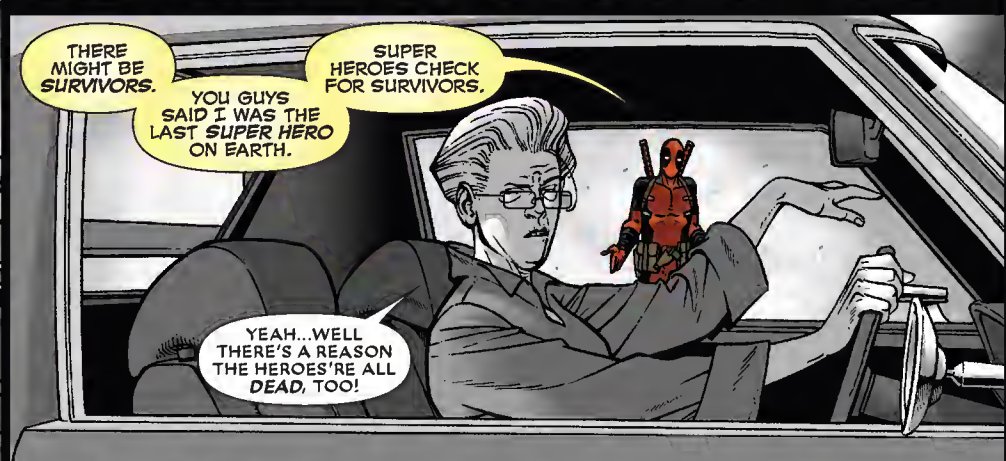
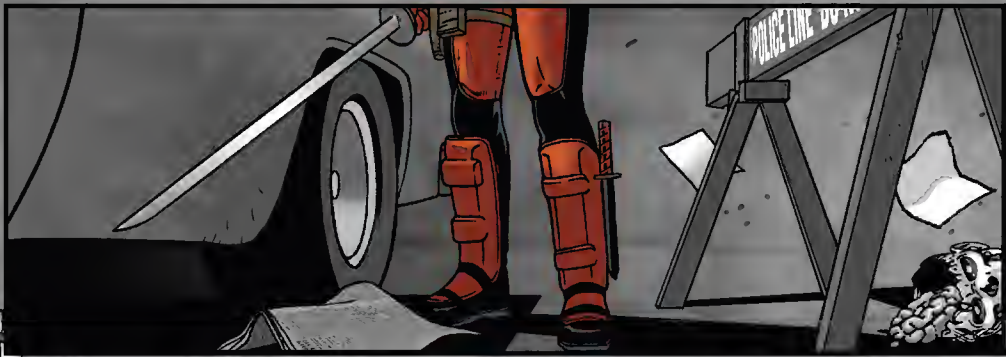


THE VIRUS... OR WHATEVER IT IS...WORKS FAST.

HE'LL TURN INTO ONE OF THOSE THINGS SOON.

I'M JUST HOPING HE HOLDS OUT LONG ENOUGH TO TALK HIS SUPERIORS INTO LETTING US OUT OF THE OZ.









ONE WEEK.

"SO THE CITY...THAT
AIN'T GONNA WORK
OUT FOR US.

"WE'LL FIND
SOMEPLACE ELSE
TO RIDE OUT THE
STORM.

"I'M NOT SURE HOW...
OR WHERE...BUT WE'LL
FIND...SOMETHING."



TWO WEEKS.

NAH.

AND I
THOUGHT MALL
WALKERS WERE
ANNOYING WHEN
THEY WERE
ALIVE!

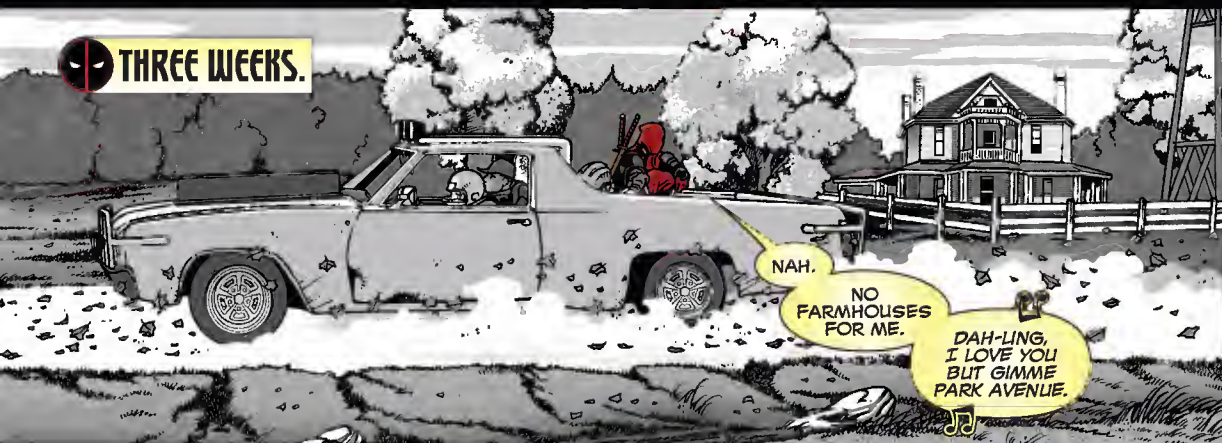


THREE WEEKS.

NAH.

NO
FARMHOUSES
FOR ME.

DAH-LING,
I LOVE YOU
BUT GIMME
PARK AVENUE.



FOUR WEEKS.

"JOIN
US."

NO
THANKS.

I HEAR THE
POISON IVY IN
THIS NECK OF
THE WOODS
IS HANDSY.





I WISH
YOU'D STOP
CALLING US
THAT.

REQUEST
NOTED, DEADPOOL
SCOUT RADCLIFF!

REQUEST DENIED,
DEADPOOL SCOUT
RADCLIFF!

KEEP UP WITH
THE SASS-MOUTH
AND YOU'LL NEVER GET
THAT CONGENIALITY
MERIT BADGE.

THIS LOOKS
LIKE A PRETTY
SWEET SPOT TO
MAKE CAMP.

AND THE WAY
MY DOGS ARE
BARKING, I CAN
TELL THEY
AGREE!

I SAY WE'RE
JUST ABOUT OUT
OF FOOD.

BUT...
BUT...

WHAT ABOUT
MY EVENING
S'MORES?

WE'VE GOT
A GRANOLA
BAR.

SPLIT
FOUR WAYS...
THAT'S...

...NOT
MUCH.

ANYBODY
WANNA THUMB-
WRESTLE FOR
THEIR SHARE?

I DON'T
MEAN TO BRAG, BUT
I--

I...

LET'S START
A CAMPFIRE,
GET SOME
MARSHMALLOWS
TOASTING, AND
START TELLING SOME
SPOOOOOOOKY
STORIES, HUH?

WHAT
D'YA SAY?

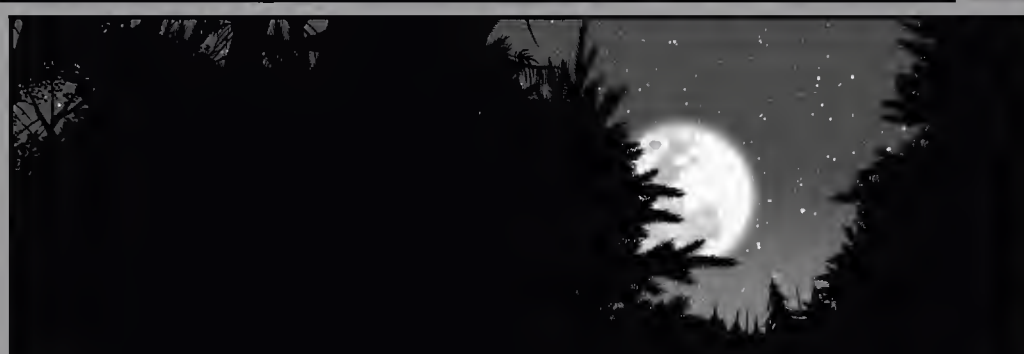
I'M
NOT REALLY
ALL THAT
HUNGRY.

THE KIDS
CAN HAVE MY
SHARE.

I'M JUST
GONNA GET
SOME SHUT-EYE...
YOU KNOW...ENJOY
THE PEACE AND
QUIET.

DO YOU
REALIZE...WE
HAVEN'T SEEN
A DEAD-HEAD
IN DAYS.

I DUNNO...







JOEY!

WILLOW!

YES! GREAT PLAN!

LET'S CALL FOR THEM IN A WHISPER!

THAT WAY, IF THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF FEET AWAY, THEY'LL COME RUNNING!



UH...I DIDN'T NOTICE THIS GRAVEYARD EARLIER.

DID YOU?



I SPOTTED IT WHEN I SCOUTED THE PERIMETER, YEAH.

SO WHAT?

THE ZOMBIE INFECTION ONLY SPREADS TO THE FRESHLY DEAD.



WELL THESE GRAVES MIGHT BE OLD...BUT THEY'VE BEEN FRESHLY DISTURBED.

...WELL...

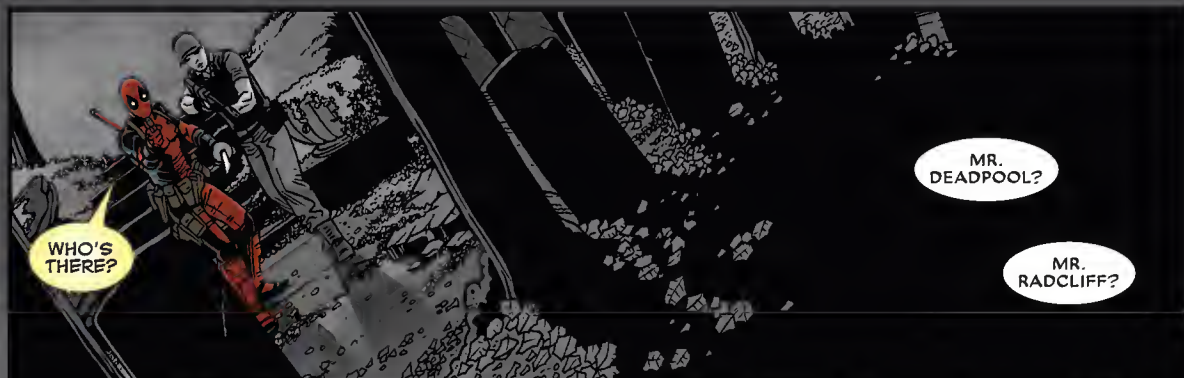
IF THIS ZOMBIE THING IS A VIRUS...

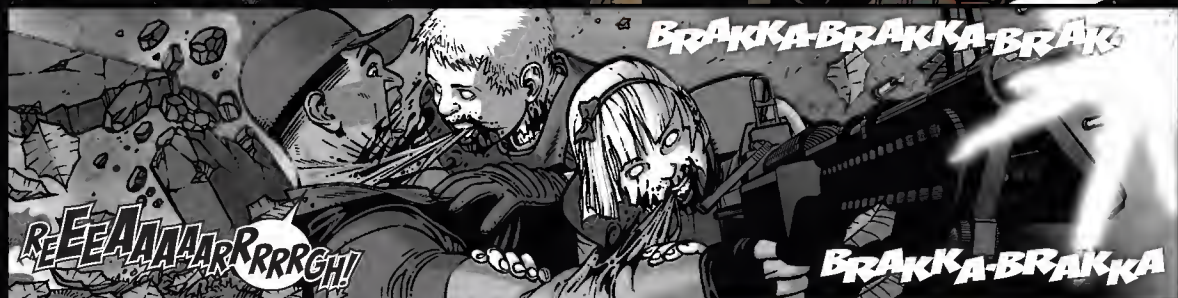
...VIRUSES MUTATE.



WHAT DOES--

K-SNAp

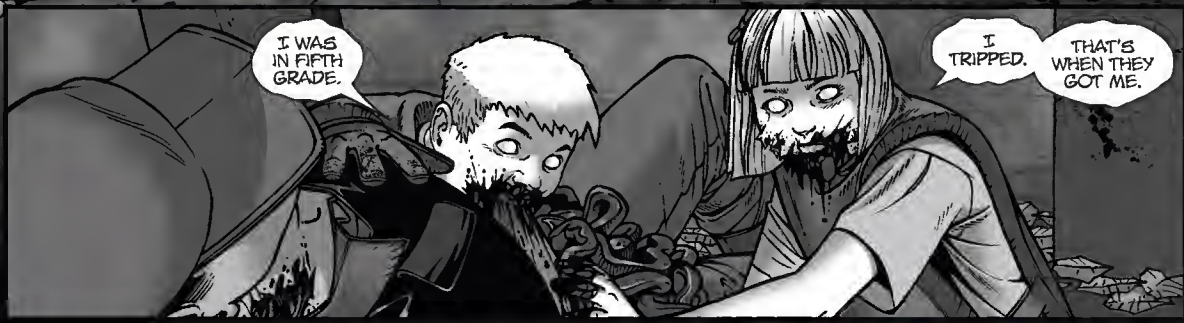






BRANKA BRANKA BRANKA BRANKA

THOSE
KIDS HAD
MANNERS!



I WAS
IN FIFTH
GRADE.

I
TRIPPED.

THAT'S
WHEN THEY
GOT ME.



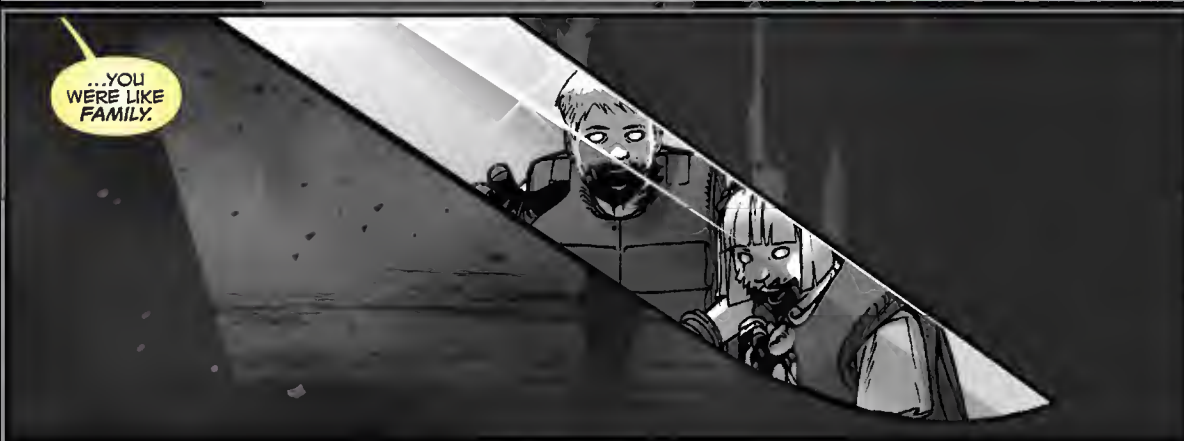
I DUNNO
IF YOU CAN
HEAR ME
OR NOT.

BUT I
NEED YOU
TO KNOW.

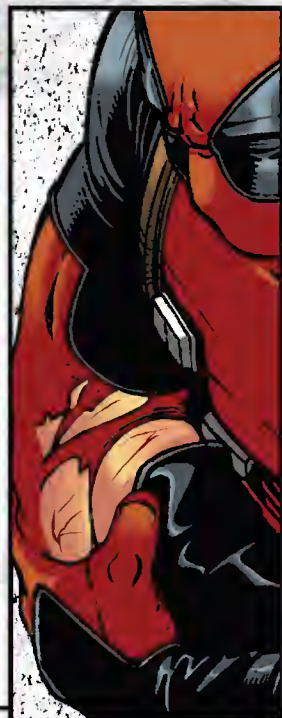
THE WHOLE
WORLD FALLING
DOWN AROUND
US...

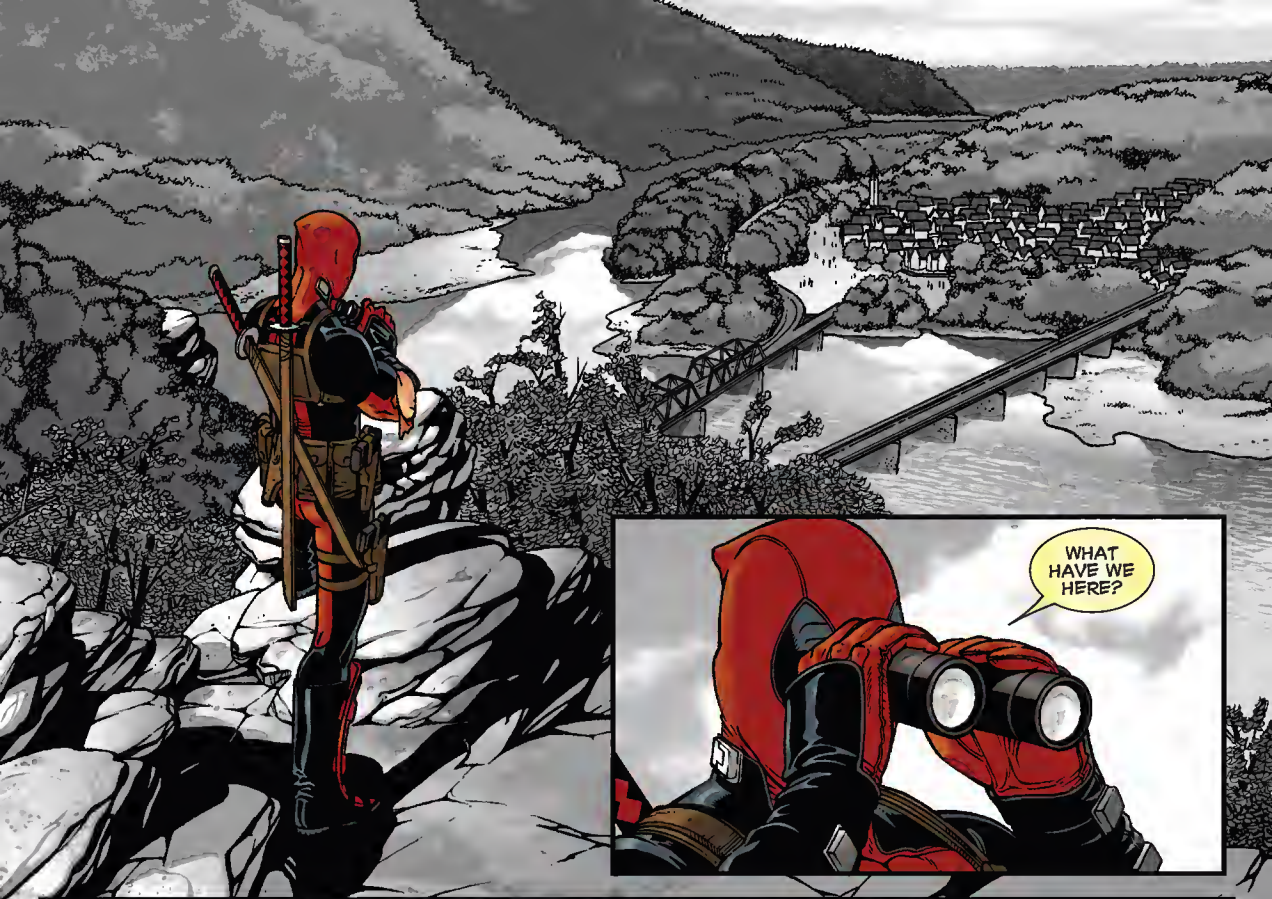
BUT YOU
KIDS...YOU
KINDA GAVE
ME HOPE.

FOR A
LITTLE WHILE
THERE...



...YOU
WERE LIKE
FAMILY.







IT'S...
IT'S--



BEAUTIFUL,
ISN'T IT?



WHO--

SORRY,
DEARHEART.
DIDN'T MEAN
TO GIVE YOU
A SCARE.

AND WE
THOUGHT WE
MIGHT INTRODUCE
OURSELVES.

THE LADIES...
AND I...WE SAW
YOU ADMIRING
THE TOWN.



YOU...LIVE
THERE?

US? OH,
HEAVENS,
NO!

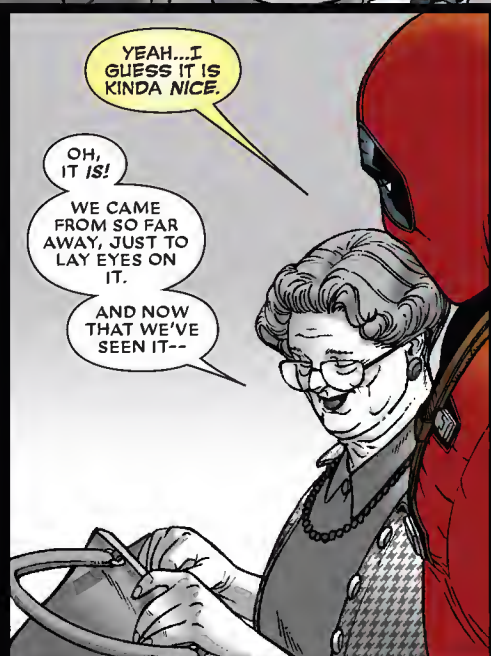
WE'RE
TRAVELERS THROUGH
THIS BLIGHTED LAND.
THE SAME AS YOU, I
SUPPOSE.

BUT WE HAD
HEARD RUMORS
OF THIS PLACE...

...AN UNTAINTED
COMMUNITY...

...HOME
TO FAMILIES...
CHILDREN...GOOD,
GOD-FEARING
FOLK...

...A SIMPLE
PARADISE IN
THESE TROUBLED
TIMES.



YEAH...I
GUESS IT IS
KINDA NICE.

OH,
IT IS!

WE CAME
FROM SO FAR
AWAY, JUST TO
LAY EYES ON
IT.

AND NOW
THAT WE'VE
SEEN IT--

--WE'RE
GOING TO
BURN IT
DOWN.

WE'RE GOING
TO TEAR DOWN
THE WALLS...

...SALT THE
EARTH...

...AND
SLAUGHTER
EVERY MAN,
WOMAN, AND
CHILD WE
SEE.



NUT-JOBS!

WHY DOES
IT ALWAYS
HAVE TO BE
NUT-JOBS?!



TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:



MARVEL

3

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

**BUNN
ROSANAS**



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

A WORLD OVERRUN BY ZOMBIES IS NOT AS MUCH FUN AS IT LOOKS.

WHEN DEADPOOL WOKE UP TO FIND A WORLD OF AMBULATORY UNDEAD, HE THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE LOTS OF FUN—LIKE THAT MOVIE WITH THE ZOMBIES IN IT. INSTEAD, IT TURNED OUT TO BE REALLY DEPRESSING—LIKE THAT TV SHOW WITH THE ZOMBIES IN IT.

THE FACT THAT THESE ZOMBIES CAN TALK, THE BRAIN OF THE PERSON THEY ONCE WERE CRYING OUT IN SORROW AND FEAR FROM THE MOUTH OF THE DEADLY FLESH-EATERS, WAS THE FIRST KINDA DEPRESSING BIT. THEN THE TWO YOUNG KIDS IN THE GROUP OF SURVIVORS 'POOL HOOKED UP WITH TURNED ZED AND DEADPOOL HAD TO, YOU KNOW...DEAL WITH THEM. EVEN GOT BIT BY THEM, BUT THE OL' HEALING FACTOR STAVED OFF ANY TROUBLE, THERE.

SINCE THEN, THE OLD M. WITH THE M. HAS WANDERED THE WILDERNESS...UNTIL HE SPOTTED A POTENTIAL OASIS—A SMALL TOWN THAT SEEMED TO HAVE MADE IT THROUGH RELATIVELY UNSCATHED. THEN HE MET THE PACK OF RABID CHURCH LADIES DETERMINED TO WIPE THAT INNOCENT TOWN OFF THE FACE OF THE PLANET.

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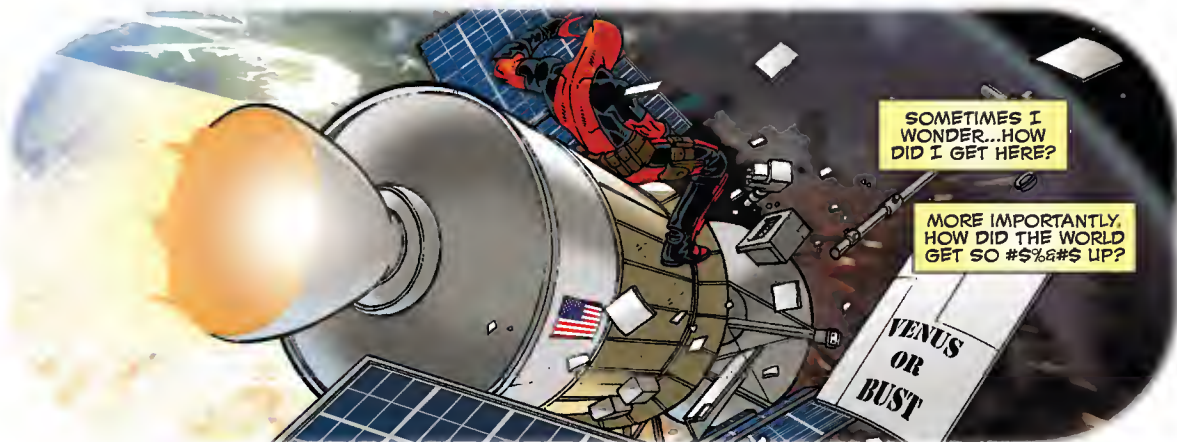
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SOMETIMES I WONDER...HOW DID I GET HERE?

MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW DID THE WORLD GET SO #\$\$%#\$ UP?

VENUS OR BUST



I MEAN, I'M JUST SELF-IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THAT I WOULD BE THE CAUSE OF JUDGMENT DAY.

AT THE VERY LEAST, I SHOULD HAVE HAD A FRONT ROW SEAT FOR THE START OF ALL THE CRAZY.



ALIEN AUTOPSY AND REANIMATION EXPERIMENT GONE AWRY?

I CAN GET BEHIND THAT.



MAGICAL MUSHMOUTH?

I'M YOUR HUCKLEBERRY.

BUT I SLEPT THROUGH THE STARTING BELL OF THE APOCALYPSE...AND SO I WONDER...

...HOW IN THE NAME OF TRACK SUIT BEYONDER DID I GET HERE?



THE WORLD HAS BEEN SCOURGED!

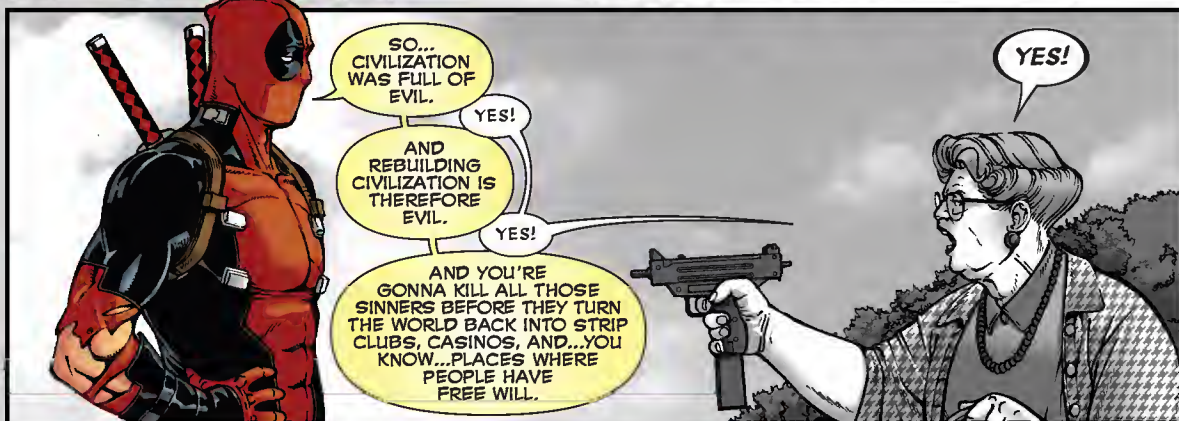
THE CITIES OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH...IN ALL THEIR MANY FORMS... HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO CEMETERIES!



HOW DARE ANYONE SCHEME TO REFORM A CITY... TO REFORM ONE OF THESE PITS OF GRIEVOUS SIN!

THEIR GATHERING CASTIGATES THE WILL OF THE ALMIGHTY!

AND FOR THAT THEY MUST BE DESTROYED!



SO... CIVILIZATION WAS FULL OF EVIL.

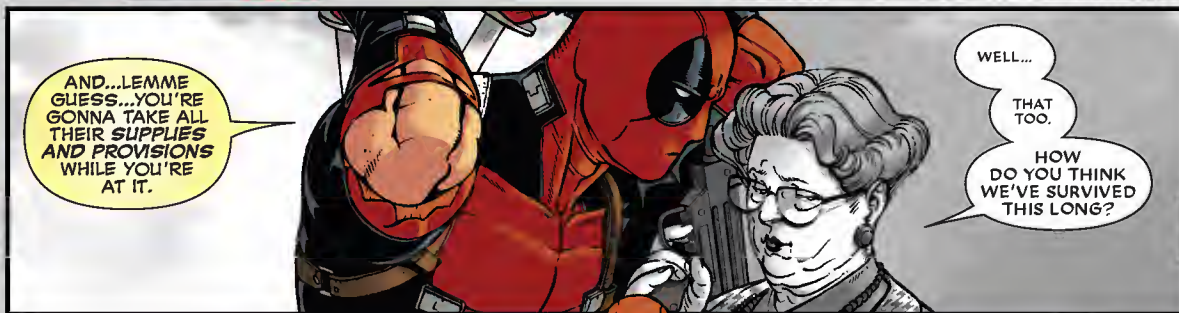
YES!

AND REBUILDING CIVILIZATION IS THEREFORE EVIL.

YES!

AND YOU'RE GONNA KILL ALL THOSE SINNERS BEFORE THEY TURN THE WORLD BACK INTO STRIP CLUBS, CASINOS, AND...YOU KNOW...PLACES WHERE PEOPLE HAVE FREE WILL.

YES!



AND...LEMME GUESS...YOU'RE GONNA TAKE ALL THEIR SUPPLIES AND PROVISIONS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

WELL...

THAT TOO.

HOW DO YOU THINK WE'VE SURVIVED THIS LONG?



ALL RIGHT.

LET'S GO INTRODUCE OURSELVES.





...AND
BUSINESS IS
GOOD!

IT TOOK THE PEOPLE OF NEW HARPER'S FERRY (AS THEY CALLED IT) A BIT TO GET PAST THE WHOLE "HANDFUL OF SEVERED HEADS" THING.

(BIRTHDAYS MUST'VE BEEN REAL BORING FOR THEM GROWING UP.)

BUT SOON ENOUGH, THEY REALIZED THAT I HAD SAVED THEM FROM A PACK OF RAVING LOONIES.

AND THEY WELCOMED ME WITH OPEN ARMS.

WHAT ABOUT THE MILITARY?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO PHILLY?

HOW DID THIS START?

IS ANYONE WORKING ON A CURE?

HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING OUT OF ATLANTA?

GOT ANY SMOKES?

ARE YOU REALLY THE LAST SUPER HERO?

GOT ANY TWINKIES?

FOR A BUNCH OF THEM, I WAS A NOVELTY...A CHANCE TO LEARN A LITTLE ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

YEEOWW CH!

MA!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! HE'S A SUPER HERO!

WELL, I WAS JUST GIVING HIM A SQUEEZE TO MAKE SURE!

FOR OTHERS, I WAS INTERESTING FOR OTHER REASONS.

AND WHO CAN BLAME--

IT WAS A NICE PLACE.

A PLACE TO
START OVER.

PEACEFUL.

COMPLETELY
CLUELESS...BUT
PEACEFUL.

SOMEBODY HAD TO
MAKE SURE THEY GET
A FIGHTING CHANCE.

LIKE I SAID...
COMPLETELY
CLUELESS.

OWWWW.

WOUND'S
GONE--WHY'S IT
STILL HURT? HEALING
FACTOR ON THE
BLINK?

OLD ZOMBIE
BITES, CARPAL
TUNNEL, AND
REPETITIVE HAND
MOTION SHOULDN'T
BE GIVING A GUY
LIKE ME ANY
TROUBLE.

MAYBE
I--

SNAP



YEAH...WELL...
SNEAKING UP ON
ME LIKE THAT...YOU
MIGHT'VE BEEN
LEAVING IN
PIECES.

YOU BRATS
SHOULD GET
BACK HOME.

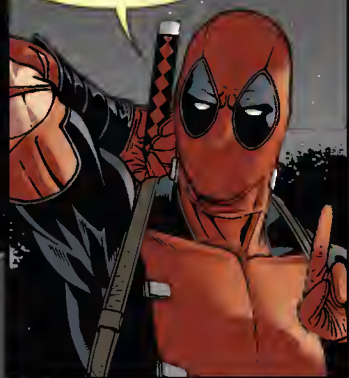
GRAVEYARDS
AIN'T SAFE FOR
ANYBODY THESE
DAYS.

WHOA!

HEY, DUDE!
CHILL!

DIDN'T
MEAN TO
SCARE YOU!

WE
COME IN
PEACE!



THIS IS A CIVIL
WAR CEMETERY,
DUDE. DON'T YOU
KNOW HOW LONG
AGO THAT WAS?

WE TALKING
CAP VERSUS IRON
MAN OR PATRICK
SWAYZE VERSUS
JAMES READ?

WHAT
WE'RE SAYING
IS...ZOMBIES ARE
ALWAYS FRESHLY
DEAD.

THEY
DON'T DIG
THEMSELVES
OUT OF 150-
YEAR-OLD
GRAVES!



DON'T
BE TOO
SURE.




THINGS
CHANGE.



A black and white comic panel showing Deadpool in his red and black suit standing in a yard, looking up at a two-story house with a gabled roof and several windows.


SO THIS
IS WHERE YOUR
OTHER HERO
HANGS OUT?

A black and white comic panel showing Deadpool in his red and black suit standing in a yard, looking up at a two-story house with a gabled roof and several windows.

NO OFFENSE...
BUT AS FAR AS
SUPER HERO
HEADQUARTERS
GO...THIS
SUCKS!

SUPER HERO
CRIBS SMELL MORE
LIKE TESTOSTERONE
AND B.O.

LESS LIKE
MOLD AND
FERTILIZER.


A black and white comic panel showing Deadpool and a young boy with blonde hair standing in a yard, looking up at a two-story house with a gabled roof and several windows.

UNLESS
THIS IS WHERE
MAN-THING HANGS
HIS HAT, BECAUSE...
IN THAT CASE...

COOL.

THE GUY...
CLARENCE SYKES...
LIVES IN THE HOUSE.
HE JUST HIDES HIS
COSTUME OUT
HERE.

CREEEAK

A black and white comic panel showing Deadpool and a young boy with blonde hair standing in a yard, looking up at a two-story house with a gabled roof and several windows.

SEE?
WHAT DID I
TELL YOU?

A black and white comic panel showing Deadpool and a young boy with blonde hair standing in a yard, looking up at a two-story house with a gabled roof and several windows.

ALL RIGHT,
KIDS. TIME
TO SCURRY
HOME.

ME AND MY
NEW COSTUMED
COMPADRE NEED
TO HAVE A LITTLE
CHAT.

YOU
KNOW...



"...HERO TO
HERO."

UHH--



NO
SUDDEN
MOVES,
BOZO.

OTHERWISE
I MIGHT BE
FORCED TO DO
SOMETHING...

...DECAPITATION.

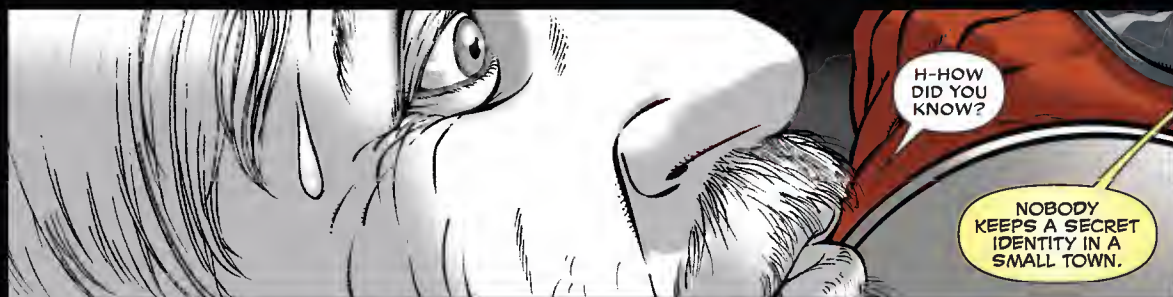


Y-YOU'RE
DEADPOOL.

I HEARD
YOU WERE
IN TOWN.

THAT'S
RIGHT, CLARENCE.
YOUR FRIENDS
AND NEIGHBORS
TOOK ME IN.

AND NOW I
FEEL LIKE IT'S MY
DUTY TO PROTECT
THEM FROM MURDEROUS
CHURCH LADIES AND
ZOMBIES AND ALL THE
A.I.M. SCIENTISTS
HIDING IN THEIR
MIDST.



H-HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?

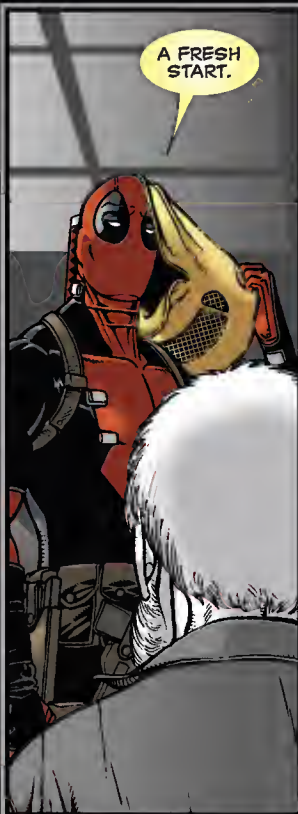
NOBODY
KEEPS A SECRET
IDENTITY IN A
SMALL TOWN.



TH-
THAT'S NOT
ME ANYMORE.
THAT'S NOT
WHO I AM.

I PUT THAT
PART OF MY LIFE
BEHIND ME WHEN
THEY TOOK ME
IN HERE.

SURELY
YOU CAN
APPRECIATE
THAT.



A FRESH
START.



AS LONG AS
THE WALLS HOLD
AND THE CREEK
DON'T RISE.



I'M NOT
GONNA KILL
YOU TODAY,
CLARENCE.

I WASN'T
GOING TO
ANYWAY. I WAS
JUST MESSING
WITH YOU.

(BELIEVING
THAT'LL HELP
YOU SLEEP
BETTER TONIGHT,
RIGHT?)

BUT I'M
KEEPING AN
EYE ON YOU.

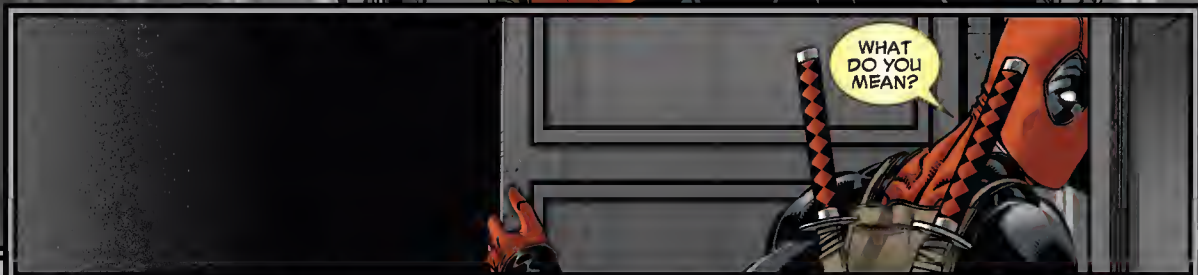


I CATCH A
WHIFF OF YOU
COOKING UP SOME
SORT OF DEATH
ENGINE...EVEN IF
IT'S JUST FOR
NOSTALGIA'S
SAKE...AND--

SNIKT!

DON'T
WORRY! MY DAYS OF
MAD SCIENCE ARE
BEHIND ME.

I WOULDN'T
DARE GO BACK
TO MY OLD WAYS...
ESPECIALLY AFTER
WHAT WE DID.



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



OH...I...I
THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT HAVE
GUESSED.

THE ZOMBIE
APOCALYPSE...IT'S
ALL MY FAULT.

"YOU MUST UNDERSTAND. WE WERE ALL BELIEVERS."

"WE WERE SCIENTISTS, YES, BUT WE SHARED A COMMON FAITH."

"WHAT WE WERE DOING...IT WAS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF MANKIND."

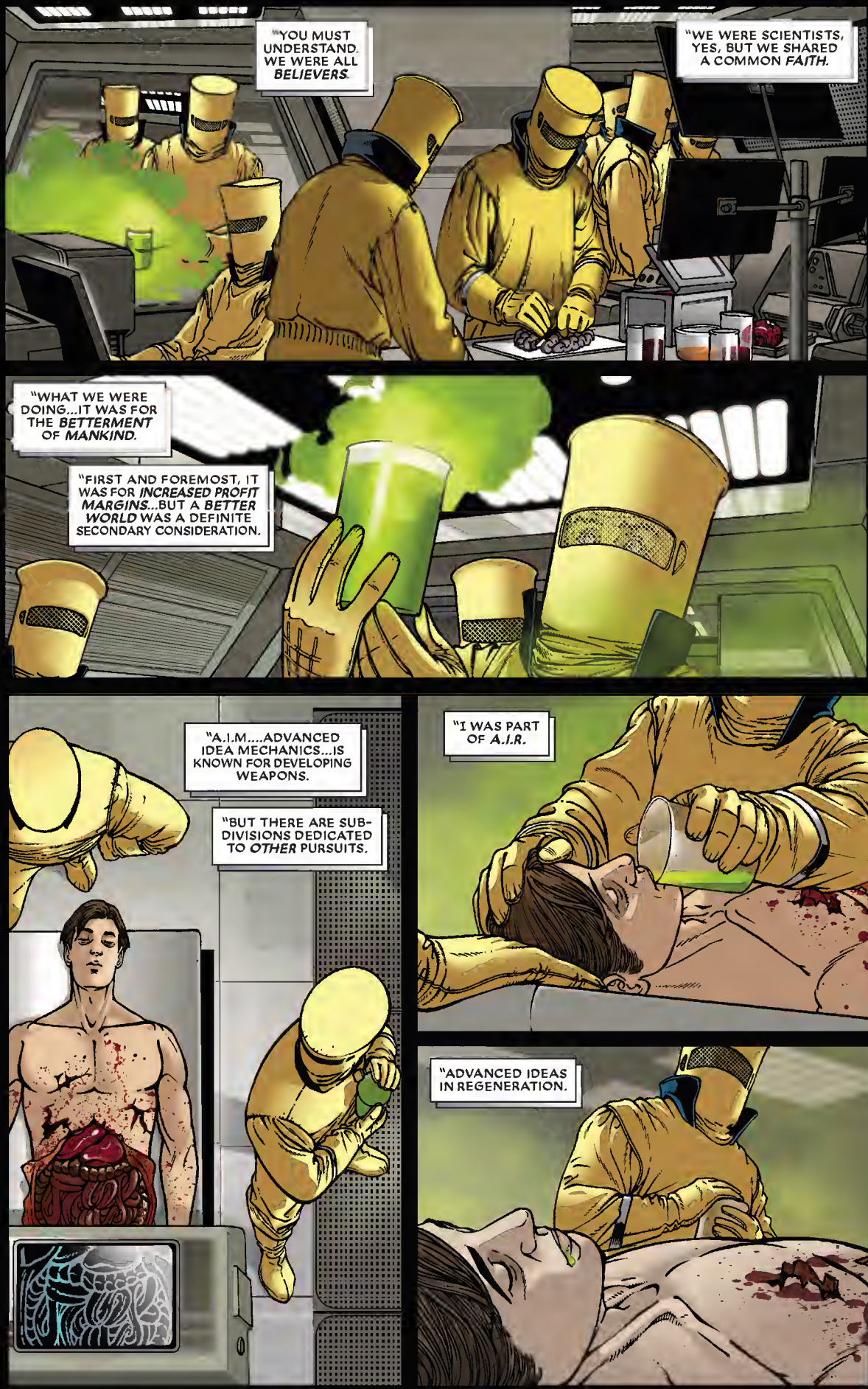
"FIRST AND FOREMOST, IT WAS FOR INCREASED PROFIT MARGINS...BUT A BETTER WORLD WAS A DEFINITE SECONDARY CONSIDERATION."

"A.I.M....ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS...IS KNOWN FOR DEVELOPING WEAPONS."

"BUT THERE ARE SUB-DIVISIONS DEDICATED TO OTHER PURSUITS."

"I WAS PART OF A.I.R."

"ADVANCED IDEAS IN REGENERATION."



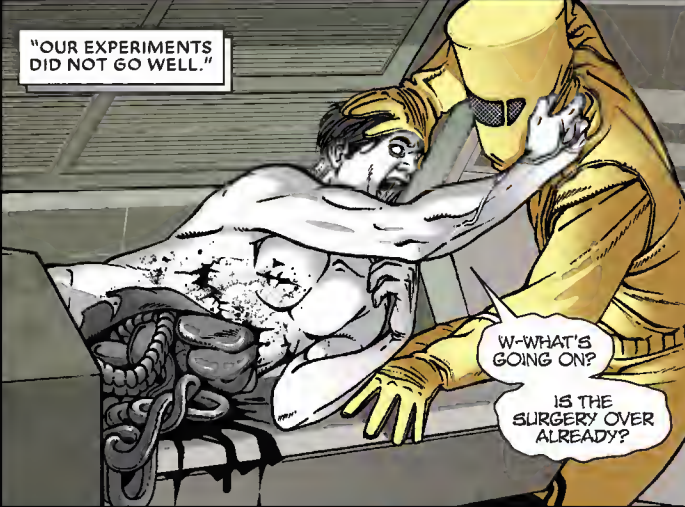
"WE THOUGHT THAT IF OUR
PARENT ORGANIZATION WAS
TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THE
ART OF DEATH-DEALING..."



"...WE NEEDED TO BETTER
UNDERSTAND HEALING
PROPERTIES."



"OUR EXPERIMENTS
DID NOT GO WELL."

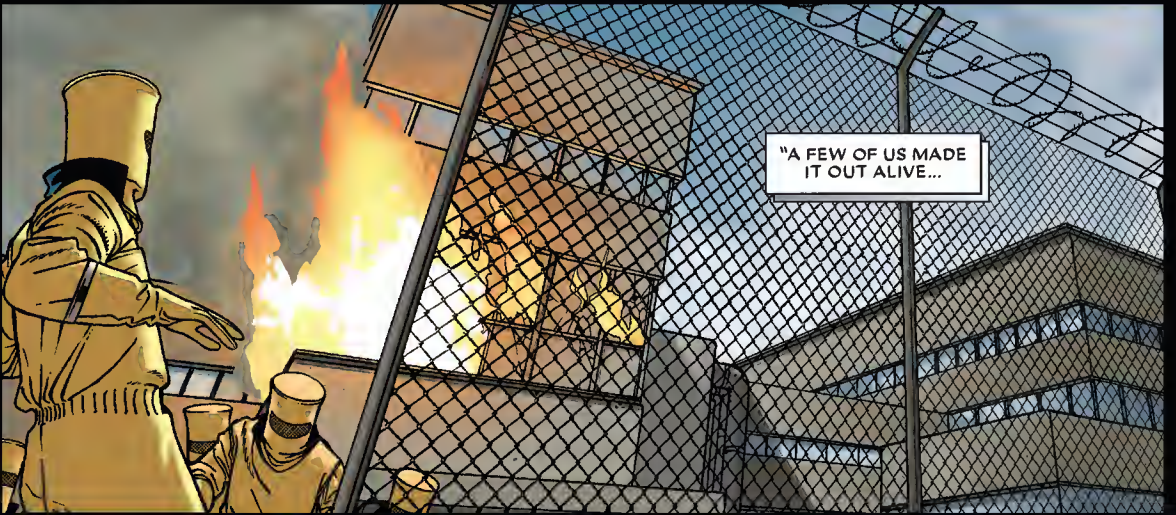


W-WHAT'S
GOING ON?

IS THE
SURGERY OVER
ALREADY?



YEEEEAAAAARRRRRGH!



"A FEW OF US MADE
IT OUT ALIVE..."

"...BUT THE DAMAGE
HAD BEEN DONE."





THE...
INFESTATION...
SPREAD SO
QUICKLY.

IF WE HAD
BEEN DESIGNING
A WEAPON, OUR
MASTERS WOULD
HAVE BEEN QUITE
PROUD.



WHEN I WOKE...
AND SAW YOU THERE...
I THOUGHT MY *SINS*
HAD FINALLY CAUGHT
UP TO ME.

EH?

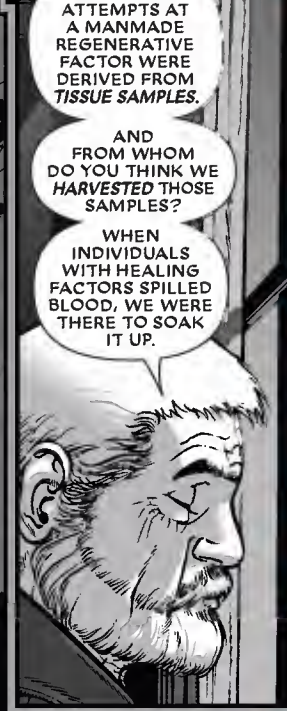
I'D THINK THE
BRAIN-HUNGRY
UNDEAD WANDERING
THE COUNTRYSIDE
MIGHT BE REMINDER
ENOUGH.



BUT IT
DIDN'T START
WITH DEATH.

IT STARTED
WITH LIFE.

WITH
HEALING.



OUR FIRST
ATTEMPTS AT
A MANMADE
REGENERATIVE
FACTOR WERE
DERIVED FROM
TISSUE SAMPLES.

AND
FROM WHOM
DO YOU THINK WE
HARVESTED THOSE
SAMPLES?

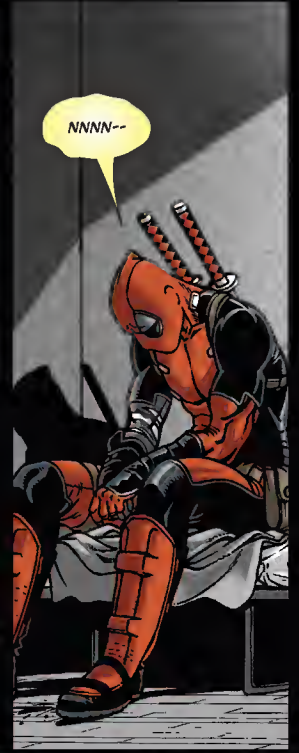
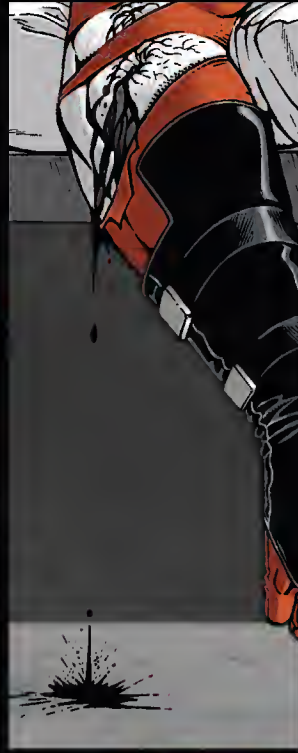
WHEN
INDIVIDUALS
WITH HEALING
FACTORS SPILLED
BLOOD, WE WERE
THERE TO SOAK
IT UP.



YOUR BLOOD,
DEADPOOL.

IT WAS AMONG
THE SAMPLES WE
COLLECTED.







WHAT
THE--

AM
I...



AM I
SLEEPWALKING?

NO.
NO. WAIT A
SECOND.

SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT. WHY
AM I--



RRR
RRAAGGH

CROMP

AAA
AAH
WEE!



NONONO
NONONO

IT CAN'T
BE.

I'M NOT A
ZOMBIE!



I'VE GOT
A HEALING
FACTOR!

STUFF LIKE
THIS DOESN'T
HAPPEN TO
ME!

HE'S
COMING THIS
WAY!

GET
BACK!

DON'T
LET HIM BITE
YOU!





ALL THIS
TIME...

ALL THIS
TIME I THOUGHT
I'D BE THERE AT
THE END OF THE
WORLD.

I THOUGHT I'D
BE RESPONSIBLE.



AND
HERE I
AM.

HRRRRGGGGHH





URH...
URH...

OH, NO.

IT...IT
WASN'T A
DREAM?

WAS
IT?

W-WHAT...



I CAN FEEL IT...MY
HEALING FACTOR...
KICKING IN...

...PURGING
THE LAST OF THE
DISEASE FROM
MY SYSTEM...

...TELLING ME THERE
ARE SOME WOUNDS
THAT JUST WON'T
HEAL...

...REMINDING ME THAT I
DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE
SO SWEET AND WHOLESOME
AND NAIVE.

WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?

WHAT
AM I GONNA
DO?

WHO KNEW THE ZOMBIE
APOCALYPSE WOULD
FEEL SO MUCH LIKE A
KICK IN THE JEWELS?

Panini



TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:



MARVEL

4

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

Night of the Living Zapoc



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

ZOMBIES. YOU SICK OF 'EM YET?

DEADPOOL SURE IS. IT'S ONE THING TO SEE THEM IN MOVIES, TV, AND COMICS. IT'S ANOTHER TO FIND THEY'VE OVERRUN THE WORLD, KILLING MOST OF THE PEOPLE AND ALL OF THE SUPER HEROES. ADD TO THAT THE UBER-CREEPY FACT THAT THESE ZOMBIES KEEP TALKING UNTIL THE BRAIN ROTS AWAY—"PLEASE KILL ME," "I'M SO SORRY I'M EATING YOU," "WAAAH, WAAAH,"—AND THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT OFF-PUTTING.

FOR A MINUTE THERE, IT LOOKED LIKE DEADPOOL MIGHT HAVE FOUND A PLACE TO SETTLE DOWN, A TOWN THAT HAD MADE IT THROUGH THE MADNESS RELATIVELY UNSCATHED. IT COULD'VE BEEN A SECOND CHANCE...HECK, IT ALREADY HAD BEEN FOR CLARENCE, THE FORMER A.I.M. AGENT, LIVING AMONG THE INNOCENT TOWNFOLK, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS WITH HEALING FACTORS LIKE DEADPOOL'S PROBABLY CAUSED THE EPIDEMIC IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT ALSO LOOKED LIKE DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR HAD STOPPED HIM FROM BEING TURNED BY A ZOMBIE BITE. LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. HIS HEALING FACTOR HELD OFF HIS ZOMBIFICATION FOR A WHILE, AND IT EVENTUALLY OVERPOWERED THIS Z-VIRUS AND TURNED HIM BACK TO NORMAL...BUT NOT BEFORE HE ZOMBIED OUT AND COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE TOWN THAT TOOK HIM IN.

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RAMON ROSANAS
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LETTERER

JAY SHAW
COVER ARTIST

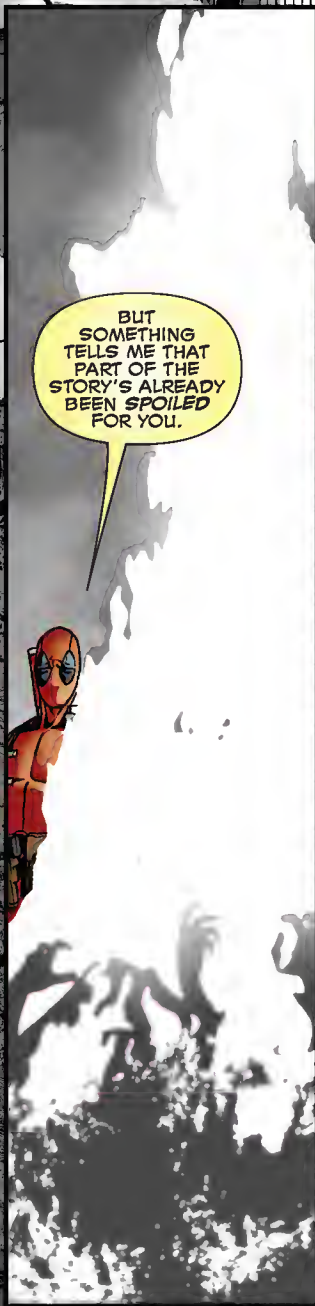
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AXEL ALONSO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

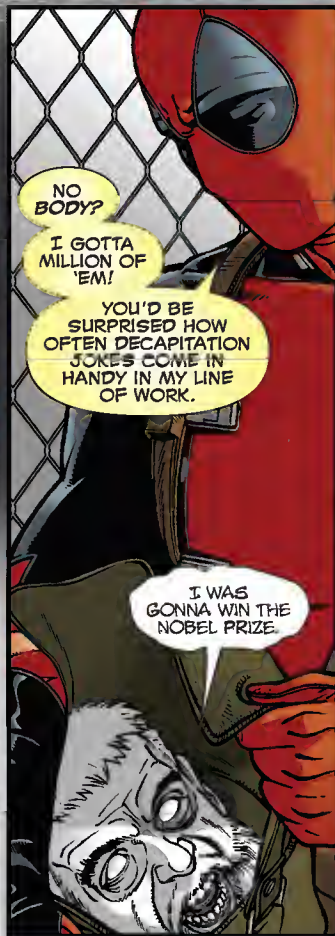
JOE QUESADA
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ALAN FINE
EXEC. PRODUCER







I DUNNO.

MAYBE I WAS
DREAMING.



BUT BEFORE
HE DIED...

...WELL, BEFORE I
TOOK A BIG BITE
OUT OF HIM AND
TURNED HIM INTO
A ZOMBIE...

...CLARENCE HAD SAID
THAT THE OUTBREAK HAD
STARTED WITH EXPERIMENTS
WITH HEALING FACTORS.



HE HAD BEEN THERE...
AND MAYBE HE COULD
HELP ME FIND A CURE.

HE WASN'T THE BEST
TRAVELING COMPANION...
BUT HE WAS ALL I HAD.



SOMETIMES HE
MUTTERED, "GO
SOUTH" OR
"TURN LEFT."

I LAUGHED FOR THIRTY
MINUTES STRAIGHT
WHEN HE TOLD ME
TO "HEAD WEST."

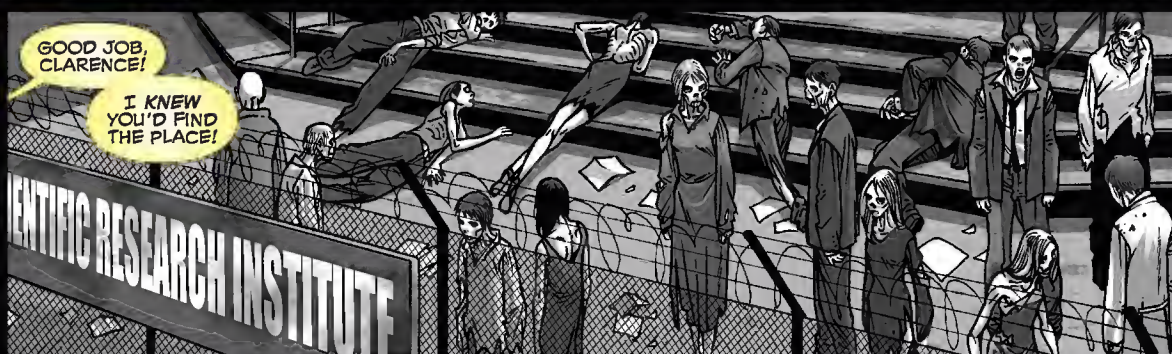


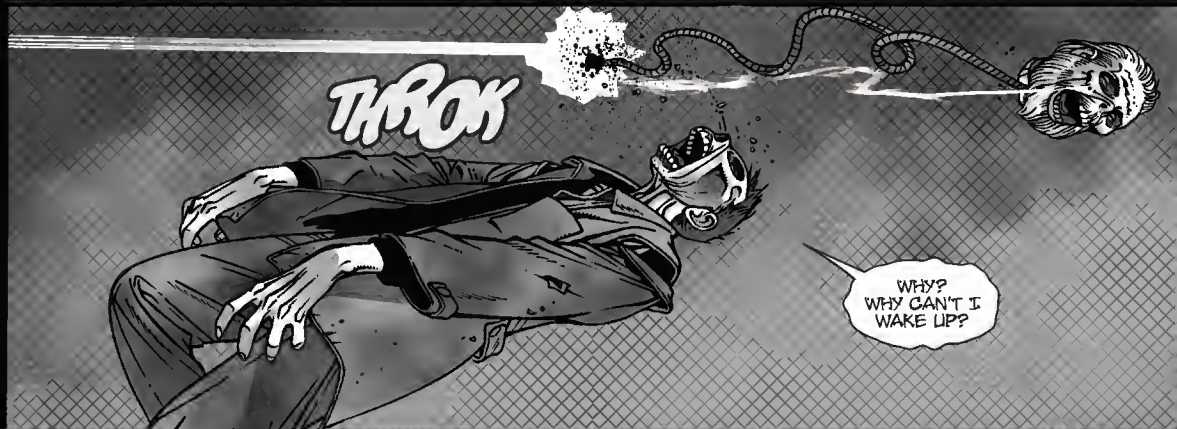
MAYBE HE WASN'T
TALKING.

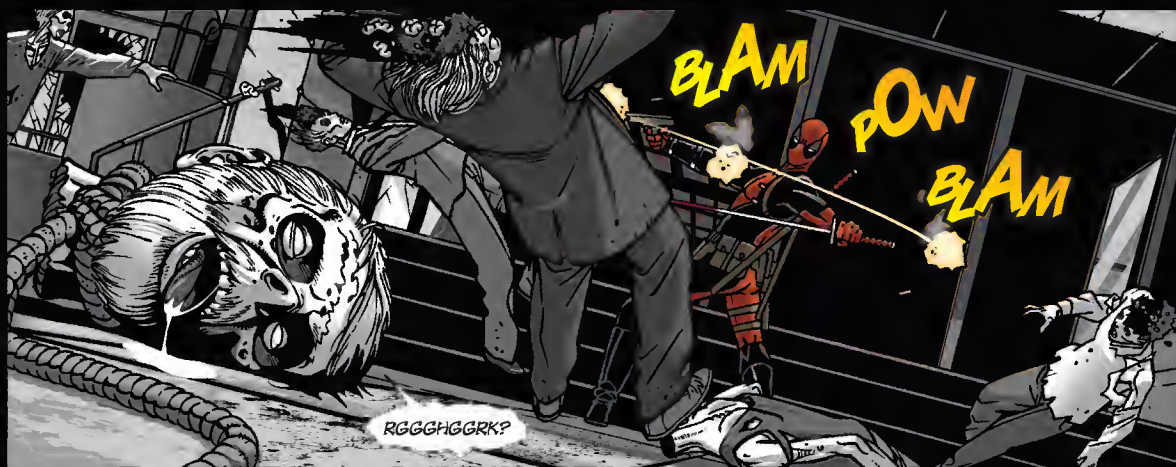
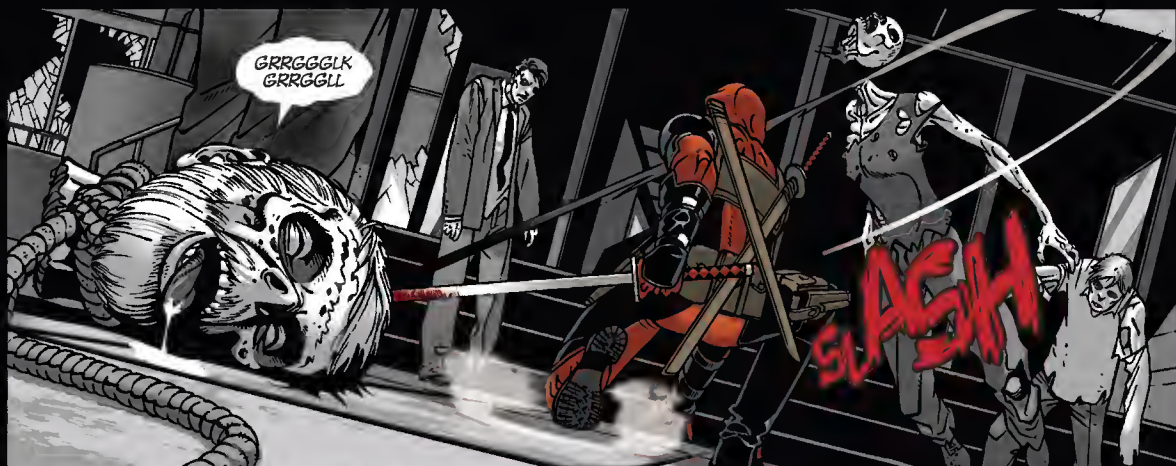
MAYBE IT WAS ALL
JUST A FIGMENT OF
MY IMAGINATION.



BUT HE WAS THE
BEST FRIEND I HAD
IN THOSE DAYS...









I GUESS
THAT'S WHY THEY
CALL ME.

THEY
CALL ME THE
WORKING
MAN.



C'MON,
CLARENCE.

WE STILL
GOT STUFF
TO DO.

GRRGGLHH



SO GET
YOUR HEAD
STRAIGHT.



AWW...

MAYBE ALL
THAT GUNFIRE
WASN'T SUCH A
GOOD IDEA.



SEE?

IT'S TIMES
LIKE THESE I THINK
THE WORLD IS JUST
OUT TO SHOW ME
WHAT UNRELENTING
TERROR FEELS
LIKE.

THE JOKE'S
ON YOU,
WORLD.

I ALREADY
KNOW WHAT
UNRELENTING
TERROR FEELS
LIKE.

NOBODY GOES
TO ONE OF DUGGAN
AND POSEHN'S HOME-
GROWN CHORIZO-TASTING
PARTIES WITHOUT
FEELING THE "BURN"
OF TRUE FEAR.



Rojanas



SHOW ME THE WAY, CLARENCE!

YOU AND YOUR MAD SCIENTIST PALS USED THIS FACILITY TO COOK UP THE ZOMBIE VIRUS.

NOW YOU AND YOUR BESTEST BUD DEADPOOL ARE GONNA BREW A CURE!



HOW CAN I BE CERTAIN THAT ME AND A BRAIN-JELLIED ZOMBIE SUCH AS YOURSELF CAN DO THIS?

P'SHAW!

I'M DEADPOOL. I FLY WITHOUT THE SAFETY NET OF KNOWING WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING!



I JUST NEED YOU TO POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, CLARENCE.

YOU CAN DO THAT, CAN'T YOU?

GRRNNULUL



I KNEW YA COULD!



HMMM. FLASHLIGHT AND ZOMBIE HEAD.

THAT LEAVES ME STRAPPED FOR STABBING AND SHOOTING HANDS.

WHAT TO DO...



GRGGRRGLL

AW, QUITYERBELLYACHIN'!

THIS JUST WORKS BEST FOR EVERYONE INVOLVED, AND YOU CAN STILL BE A GOOD LITTLE GUIDE.



ONE GRUNT FOR "GETTING COLDER." TWO FOR "GETTING WARMER."

AND ONCE WE GET TO THE LAB, I'LL POP THE FLASHLIGHT OUT.

AND YOU CAN WALK ME THROUGH CHEMISTRY 101.



HRRRG!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

UH...HOLD ON...



THAT WASN'T YOU, WAS IT?

HRRRRR!
HRRRAAGH!

SOMEBODY...
TELL ME WHY THIS IS HAPPENING.

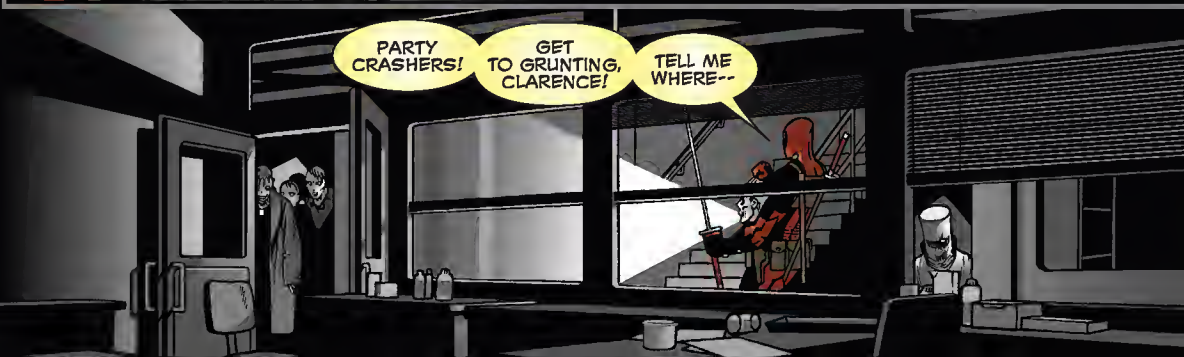
...SORRY...
SO SORRY...



WHY, GOD?

HRRRG

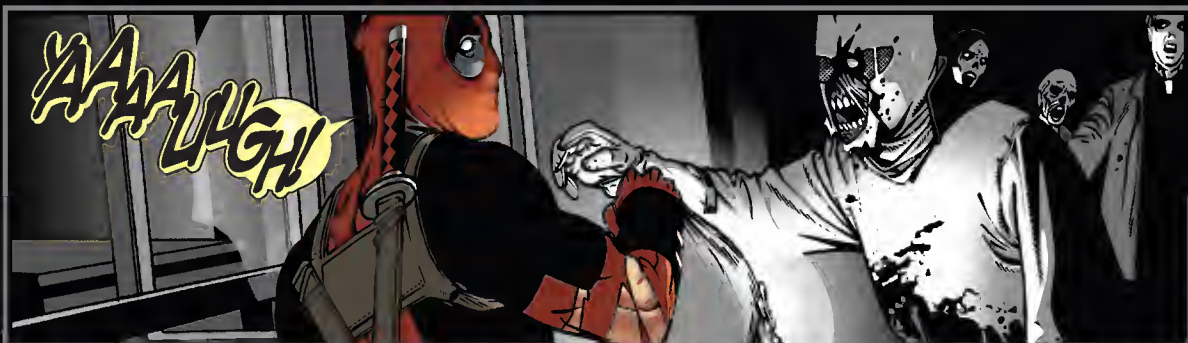
I FEEL...SO HUNGOVER.



PARTY CRASHERS!

GET TO GRUNTING, CLARENCE!

TELL ME WHERE--





OR...YOU
KNOW...

SHAMBLE!
SHAMBLE!

AS
CLUMSY AS
YOU CAN!



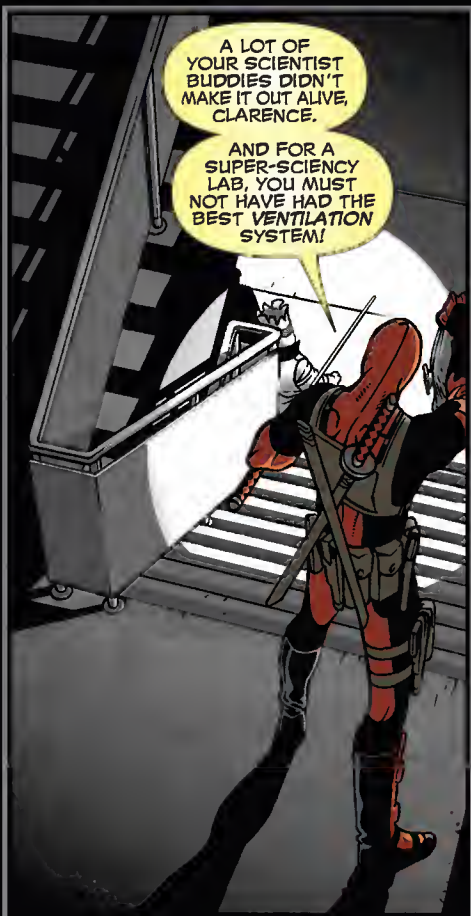
CR
NN
CH

EITHER
WAY.

YOU
CAN'T CATCH
ME!



I'M
THE 8#5%#8%
GINGERBREAD
MAN!



A LOT OF
YOUR SCIENTIST
BUDDIES DIDN'T
MAKE IT OUT ALIVE,
CLARENCE.

AND FOR A
SUPER-SCIENCY
LAB, YOU MUST
NOT HAVE HAD THE
BEST VENTILATION
SYSTEM!



PE-EEW!

THERE'S NO
REGENERATING
THE MEMORY
OF THAT SMELL
AWAY!



SNNRK
SNNRK

WHAT'S
THAT, CLARE-
BEAR?

ARE WE
GETTING--



OH.

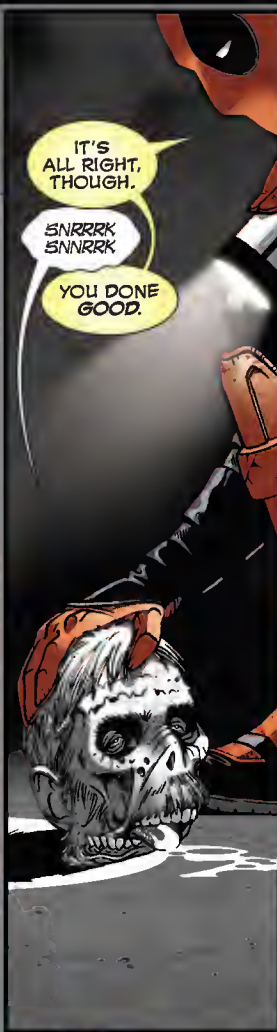
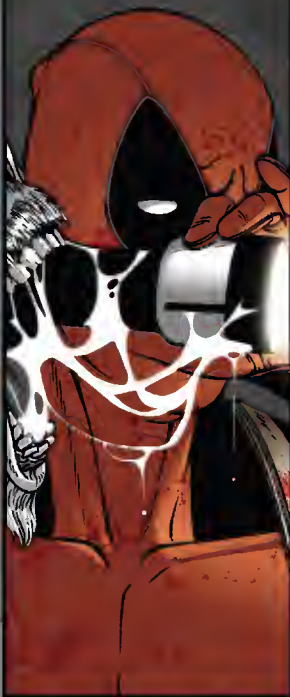
YOUR
FLESH...YOUR JAW...
THEY'RE...

...LIQUIFYING?

SO MUCH
FOR YOU WALKING
ME THROUGH THE
NOOKS AND CRANNIES
OF YOUR SECRET
LABORATORY.

ERR...

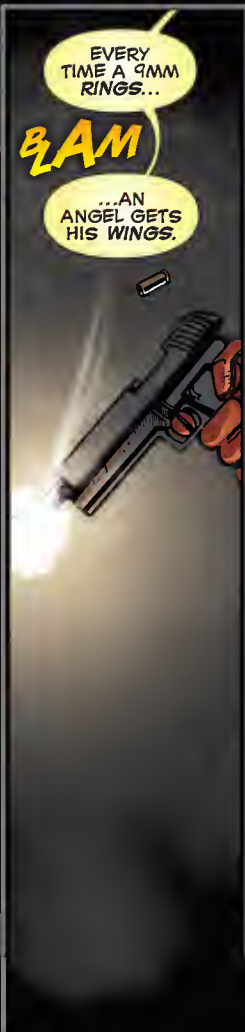
THAT
WASN'T MEANT
TO SOUND SO
LURID.



IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
THOUGH.

SNRRRK
SNRRRK

YOU DONE
GOOD.



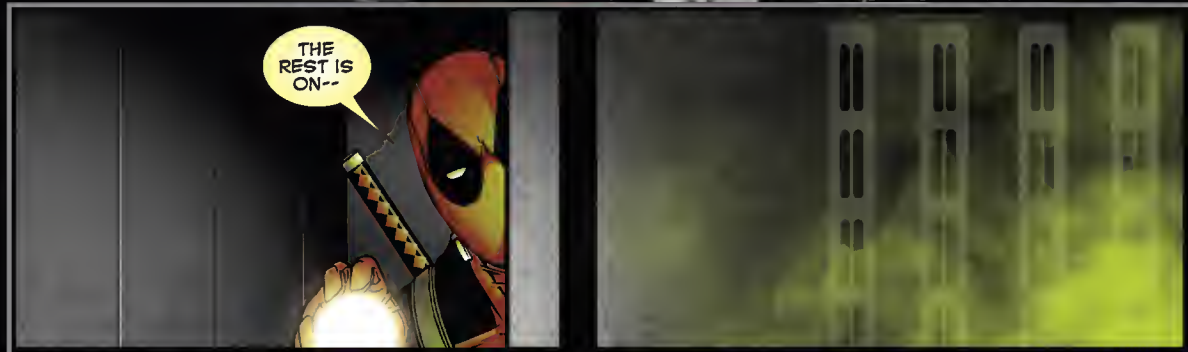
EVERY
TIME A 9MM
RINGS...

BAM

...AN
ANGEL GETS
HIS WINGS.



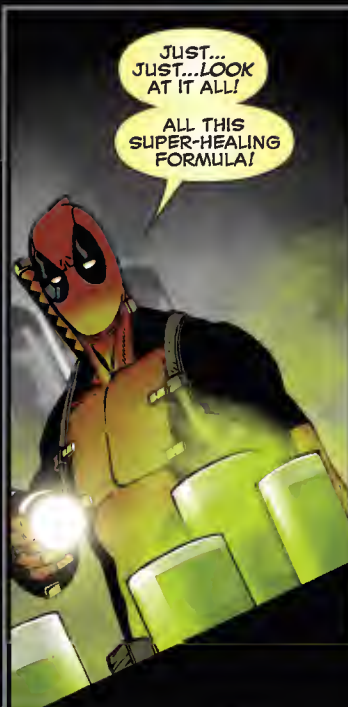
YOU
GOT ME
THIS FAR.



THE
REST IS
ON--



2#5%
ME!



JUST...
JUST...LOOK
AT IT ALL!

ALL THIS
SUPER-HEALING
FORMULA!



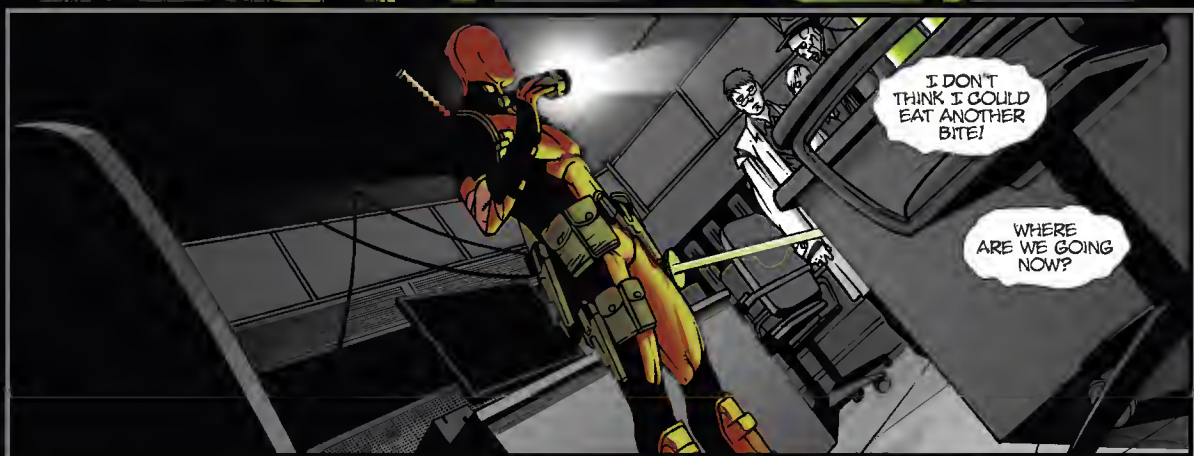
ALL OF
IT DERIVED
FROM--



HELLOOOO,
HANDSOME!

THAT'S A
WHOLE MESS OF
DEADPOOLS!

I THINK
I'M LOST.



I DON'T
THINK I COULD
EAT ANOTHER
BITE!

WHERE
ARE WE GOING
NOW?

SO...THEY WERE
RIGHT ON TOP
OF ME.

NO DEAD-HEAD
SCIENTISTS TO
HELP ME.

NO TIME TO HUNT AND
PECK MY WAY THROUGH
DEVELOPING A CURE
FOR THE ZOMBIE VIRUS.

THERE WERE NO
OTHER EXITS...NO
BRILLIANT ESCAPE
PLANS.

EXITS
AND ESCAPES.
BRILLIANCE.

NOT MY *STYLE*
ANYHOW.

ONLY ONE
THING LEFT TO
DO, AND THAT'S
SOMETHING--

--REALLY
STUPID!

NOT MUCH OF A
PLAN...REALLY...

...MORE LIKE
AN ACT OF
DESPERATION...

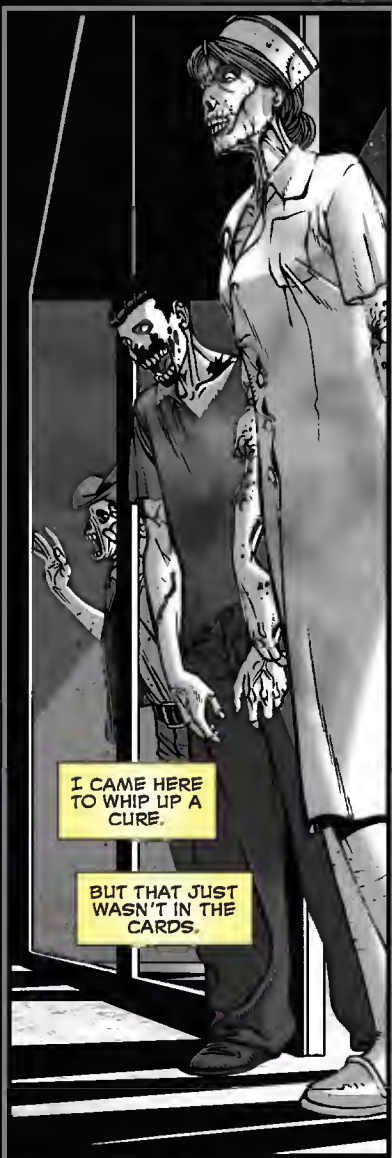
Ghwoomp

...PUMPING MYSELF FULL
OF DEADPOOL HEALING
FACTOR GO-GO JUICE...

ALL RIGHT
YOU SOULLESS
PUKES.

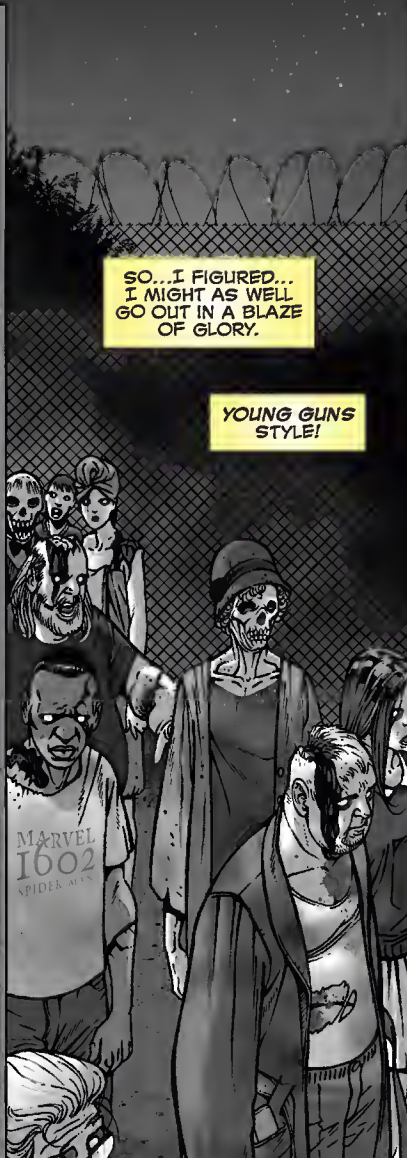
LET'S
CHA-CHA.

...HOPING IT KEEPS
ME FROM GOING ALL
CANNIBALISTIC.



I CAME HERE
TO WHIP UP A
CURE.

BUT THAT JUST
WASN'T IN THE
CARDS.



SO...I FIGURED...
I MIGHT AS WELL
GO OUT IN A BLAZE
OF GLORY.

YOUNG GUNS
STYLE!



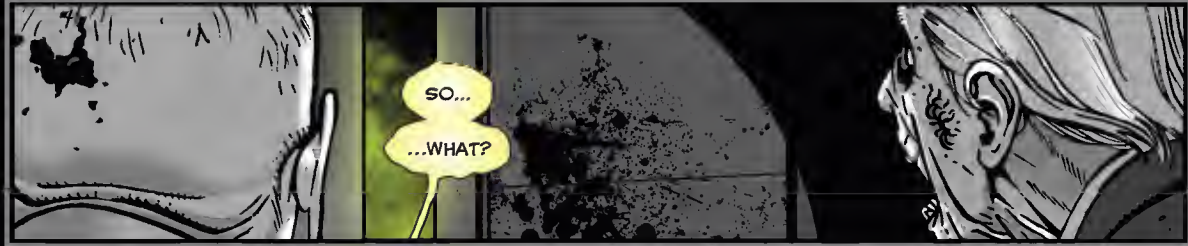
I ADMIT, I HAD HOPED
THE SERUM OVERDOSE
WOULD TURN ME INTO AN
UNSTOPPABLE ZOMBIE
KILLING MACHINE.

'ROID RAGE AGAINST
THE DYING OF THE
LIGHT.

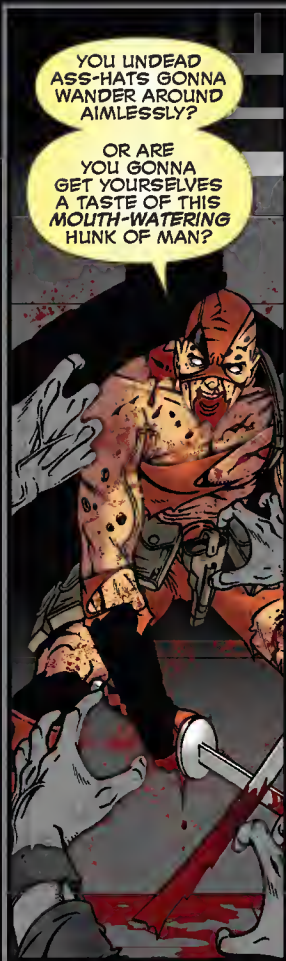


YEAH.

THAT DIDN'T WORK
OUT THE WAY I
PLANNED, EITHER.



SO...
...WHAT?



YOU UNDEAD
ASS-HATS GONNA
WANDER AROUND
AIMLESSLY?

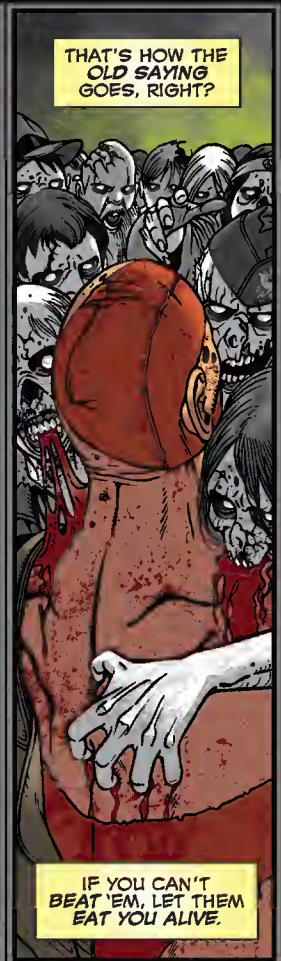
OR ARE
YOU GONNA
GET YOURSELVES
A TASTE OF THIS
MOUTH-WATERING
HUNK OF MAN?



STEP
ON UP.



THE BUFFET
IS OPEN FOR
BUSINESS.



THAT'S HOW THE
OLD SAYING
GOES, RIGHT?

IF YOU CAN'T
BEAT 'EM, LET THEM
EAT YOU ALIVE.



ZOMBIES BITING DOWN
TO THE BONE, LAPPING
UP MARROW.



THESE ZOMBIE BITES
PLAY HAVOC WITH MY
HEALING FACTOR.

BUT THE SERUM...
PACKS ONE HELL OF
AN INFECTIOUS KICK.



WHICH I GUESS IS WHY
SOMETHING REALLY
UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.



ERR?

WELL, THIS IS
DIFFERENT.



I'M...
I'M ME!

I'M
DEADPOOL!

NO, I'M
DEADPOOL!

YOU CAN'T BE
DEADPOOL! I'M
DEADPOOL!

ALTHOUGH
I PREFER TO BE
CALLED WADE.



IT'LL TAKE A
LITTLE GETTING
USED TO...

...THIS WHOLE
SENTIENT VIRUS
THING.



BUT TO THE
ZOMBIES, I WAS
DELICIOUS!

EACH AND
EVERY ONE
OF ME.

AND ONCE A DEAD-HEAD
TOOK A BITE...THAT INSATIABLE
HUNGER FOR HUMAN FLESH...
IT WAS JUST GONE...

INSTEAD OF HUNGER,
THERE WAS...

...MY HEALING
FACTOR...

...MY
CONSCIOUSNESS...

...INFECTING ZOMBIE
AFTER ZOMBIE...

...AN ARMY OF
DEADPOOLS GROWING
ONE BITE AT A TIME.

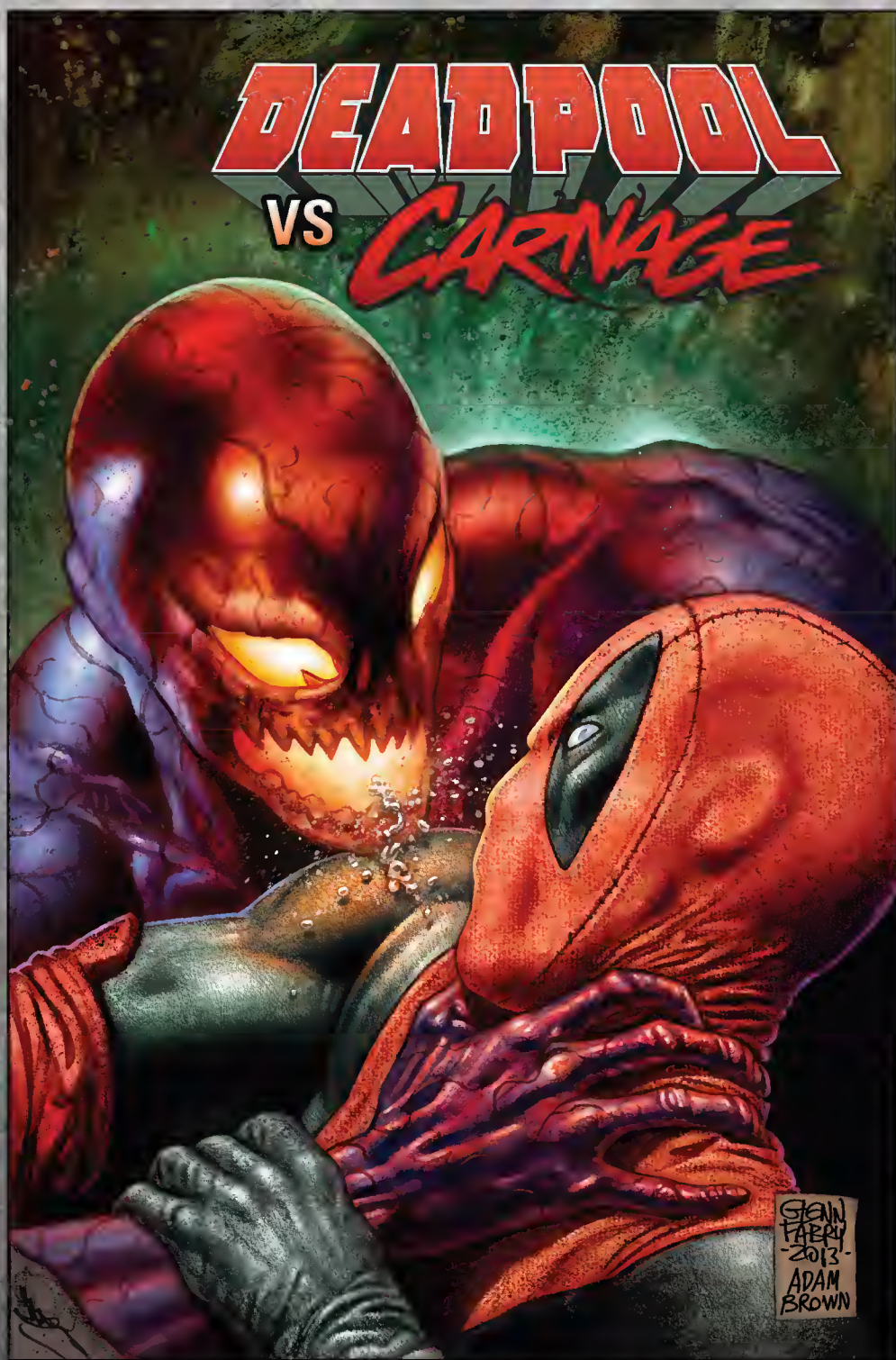
WHAT ONE SAW, WE ALL SAW.
WHEN ONE OF US HAD A DIRTY
THOUGHT, WE ALL GIGGLED.

AND AS AWARENESS SPREAD
FROM ONE UNDEAD BODY TO
THE NEXT, I COULD ONLY THINK
ONE, UNIFIED THOUGHT.

OMNIPOTENCE
WON'T BE ALL
THAT BAD.



NEXT ISSUE:



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